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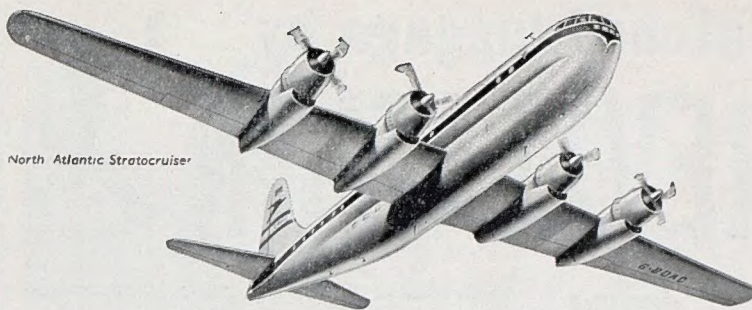
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1954



Clayton Evans

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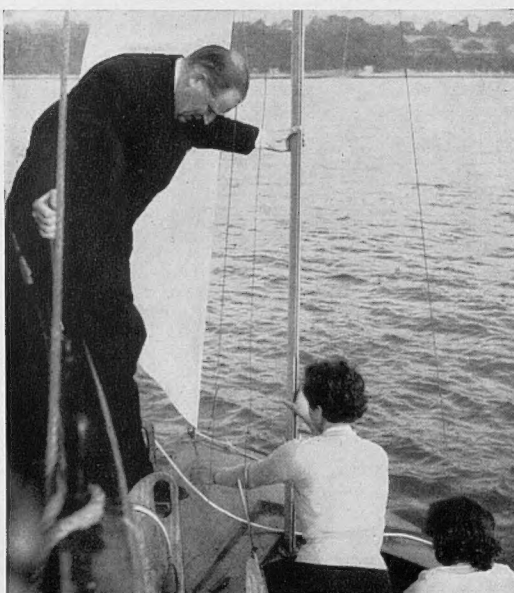
NICHOLAS, who is nearly five, is the son of Capt. Michael Fyfe, K.R.R.C., and Mrs. Fyfe, of Coln St. Aldwyns, Gloucestershire, and the grandson of the late Theodore Fyfe, of Hatherop Castle. Capt. Fyfe who is at present serving in Austria has a younger son, Alastair, now six months old



Racing *Thanet* were the owners Mr. S. Graham, C.B.E., (right) and Mr. G. G. Dudley Head, at the helm



Also aboard the *Thanet* during the New York Yacht Club Cup race were Mr. and Mrs. E. Sparke-Davies



Mr. Owen Aisher, who gave a cocktail party on the *Havfruen III*, greeted some of his guests, arriving in a *Firefly*



Janabel, owned by M. Jacques Barbou, was one of the two French entries for the New York Yacht Club Cup race. There were twenty-one competitors and the race was won by Major R. N. Macdonald-Buchanan's *Kaylena*

THE SEA-FEVER OF COWES WEEK

YACHTSMEN took part in a week of varied and enjoyable racing at Cowes. The weather held until the last day and more yachts than ever competed in the various regattas



Mrs. D. E. W. Stevens, G/Capt. E. O. Grenfell and Mrs. and Mr. J. MacGregor Robertson met to discuss some of the afternoon's races at the Island Sailing Club



On the terrace of the Royal Corinthian Y.C. were Mrs. Owen Aisher, Mrs. F. P. Pinchard and Mrs. H. Iorvs Hughes



At a party on the Hon. Max Aitken's Lumberjack were Mrs. D. de Trafford, Mme. François Ouvré and Major Peter Snowden



Guests at a cocktail party, aboard Havfruen III, included Mr. and Mrs. Neil Cochran-Patrick and Mr. James Connell



Taking a brief rest from racing to watch some of the other competitors were Capt. (E) John Illingworth, R.N., and his wife



Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo talked over the events of the week as they attended another yachting celebration



On board Havfruen III, Mrs. H. Connell was describing the finish of an exciting race to Mrs. C. A. Nicholson



Waiting to leave the Island Sailing Club were Major B. C. Windeler, the owner of Marqueza (centre), together with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Evans



Mr. Robert Garnham, Mr. C. Morton, Mrs. Garnham, who owns and sails the Dragon Rin-Jin with her husband, and Mr. J. Coles, part owner of the 5.5 metre Yolaine

Continuing —

ON THE SOLENT'S LIGHTER SIDE

AFTER the day's racing, many celebrations were held aboard the larger yachts. Mr. and Mrs. Owen Aisher entertained on the *Havfruen III*, while the Hon. Max Aitken and Mr. C. Peto Bennett lashed their yachts *Lumberjack* and *Stiarna* together for a party. Jennifer writes further on pp. 270-1



Two of the youngest spectators, David and Caroline Williams, were waiting with their mother, Mrs. Leonard Williams, for their father to return from racing



At one of the parties were Mr. James Talbot, Mr. Hans Heyman, Miss Caroline Perry, Mr. Geoffrey Glanville and Miss Elizabeth Ellsworth Jones



Mr. C. Peto Bennett, Commodore of the Royal Corinthian Y.C., poured a drink for Mr. J. Holthusen, R.N., and Mr. W. Gordon Smith



*Lord and Lady Nelson were chatting to Dr. John Ewell (centre) during a party held on board the *Lumberjack**



*Thoroughly enjoying an evening on the *Havfruen III* were Mrs. A. P. Costain, Miss Susan Clifton, Mrs. R. S. Clifton and Mrs. R. H. Farrant*



*Mr. H. V. Lobb, the owner of *Margaret*, Mrs. Donald McCowen and Mrs. Lobb were having a drink after their arrival aboard *Stiarna**

Yachting Notes**THE DRAGONS
WERE TOUGH**

ON the Monday of Cowes Week, the day of the Royal London Y.C. Regatta, for the first time this year the large handicap class raced "Round the Isle of Wight to the Eastward, leaving it to starboard"—as was tersely stated in the sailing instructions, which I suspect were worded by Uffa Fox—for the Sir Walter Preston Challenge Cup.

The three ex-12 metres: Flica II (H. R. Attwood), Kaylena (Major R. N. Macdonald-Buchanan) and Vanity (Lt.-Cdr. P. S. Boyle) were a beautiful sight as they finished in the van of the large and important fleet, in that order. In a way I was sorry that their lovely elegance was not better rewarded, for, on corrected time, the Cup was won by the Robb designed Uomie (S. B. Slater) with Evenlode (T. C. Ratsey) runner-up and Fandango (Lt.-Col. R. G. F. Scholfield) third. It was cheering to see Kaylena win, in spite of this formidable handicap, on Wednesday and Thursday.

In the smaller handicap class Franklin Woodroffe's Lothian was absent, not having recovered from the damage suffered during her recent abduction, but H. F. Gillham scored some well deserved successes in his Joanne, winning the Vanity Cup on Thursday and the Town Cup on Friday.

DRAGONS, helmsmen and crews showed their toughness by turning out in force every day after their gruelling exertions during the previous week's Edinburgh Cup races at Bembridge, and Vana from Burnham-on-Crouch collected some further prizes for her owner W. Gordon Smith, who sailed her with his wife and W. Ritchie as crew. The other new boat Vodka (C. W. Lallow and F. R. Woodroffe) having lost one mast after another the previous week has also settled down to winning some flags. Also among the prizes was Bluebottle, runner up in the Edinburgh Cup; she is losing Lt.-Cdr. (E) R. L. Hewitt, R.N., as her sailing master at the end of this season; his successor has not yet been appointed.

While there were only three 6 metres racing, the 5.5 metres were up to strength, and Tom Thornycroft's new Artificia, designed by himself—the first result of model testing in the new tank at the National Physical Laboratory—made her first appearance. The International One Designs, for the first time this year, have enjoyed some very fine racing and I am sure the class is here to stay. The Swallows and the "X" One Designs started in record numbers every day, the latter as many as forty at a time.

THE weather has been even more varied than usual; there were two days of flat calm instead of the more customary one, and a full gale blew up on Saturday to add interest. The owner and crew of Fandango must be congratulated on their perfect "man overboard" drill, when they rescued one of the foredeck hands from a rough sea at the start of the R.O.R.C. Wolf Rock Race.

The strain of racing day after day and the many parties ashore and afloat tells on even the most experienced helmsmen. During dinner at the Gloster on Friday night I asked the owner of a smart 10-tonner, who had already won a first and three thirds and who shall be nameless, how he got on that day.

He chuckled. "We made an excellent start, close hauled, to the westward, and seeing no one ahead, were just patting ourselves on the back, when we noticed that we were quite alone. All the others were off to the eastward, with spinnakers set, on the correct course."

-Gabor Denes



Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Caulcutt were sailing the Dragon Sable, which is owned by Mr. H. R. Freemantle



Mr. H. R. Freemantle, Vice-Commodore of the Royal London Y.C., was just setting out with his wife



While Lt.-Col. R. G. F. Scholfield was sailing Fandango, Mrs. Scholfield, with David and Peter, stayed behind on shore to watch the races



THE QUEEN WAS GODMOTHER to the infant son of Brig. and Mrs. Alexander Abel Smith, who was christened Christopher at the Queen's Chapel, St. James's. With Her Majesty are Miss Caroline Abel Smith, Brig. Abel Smith, Mrs. Abel Smith and Sir Mark Palmer. Behind are David Abel Smith, Col. Stewart Don, Miss Anne Abel Smith, Mr. John Russell, Antonia Palmer and Sister Rowe

Social Journal

Jennifer

Good Sailing, Prizes And Presentations

THE ISLE OF WIGHT now offers its annual summer respite to visitors from the mainland in its own little season, headed, of course, by Cowes Week.

For those who wish to dodge the discomfort of the ferry I strongly recommend that the journey be made by air taxi from the Portsmouth Aero Club to Bembridge. The whole journey from the centre of London to the island took me just under three hours and the return was even quicker. I was interested to hear at Bembridge Airport that for visitors to the island from the north, there is a new schedule service between Newcastle and Bembridge every Sunday until September 12, in a D.C.3 or Avro Anson.

The Bembridge Sailing Club had been having a very gay week. Yachtsmen had come from many countries to compete for the Duke of Edinburgh Cup for the International Dragon Class, which this year was held under the auspices of the B.S.C. Mr. Gordon Smith's Vana was the ultimate winner, having won three out of the five races

required for this event. The winner, who learnt his sailing on the west coast of Scotland, was fortunate in having his boat very ably crewed by his wife and Mr. "Bill" Ritchie. Vana was built by Nunn Bros. of Waldringfield in Suffolk, who I was told had built three Dragons in recent years, all of which have been winners. Second was Bluebottle efficiently sailed by Lt.-Cdr. Dickie Hewitt. Both this boat and helmsman recently returned from their successful visit to Canada where they were guests of Canadian yacht clubs.

MANY of the competitors, including the winner, Mr. Gordon Smith and his wife, stayed at the exceptionally comfortable Pitt House Country Club at the bottom of Ducie Avenue, looking out over the sea. The gardens had been turned into a busy sailyard during the week. Crews wash their sails in a big bath on the lawn, then dry them in the open air. Coloured spinnakers were often seen gaily floating from the big oak trees, while their owners were mending sails or overhauling their gear on the ground nearby. Other yachtsmen staying here included Lord Worsley who was sailing the Foil in the competition with Major Philip Colville, Mr.

Dick Freemantle and his wife, M. and Mrs. F. Thierry Mieg from Paris and M. and Mme. Philippe Beinhart, members of the Le Havre Yacht Club. Mr. Thorkil Warrer who had come over from Denmark, and some of his crew were staying with Capt. Monty Lowry-Corry, Rear-Commodore of the B.S.C., and Mr. J. Clamageran, who sailed Baliverne II, was staying with Major and Mrs. Digby Peel. There was a dance at the Pitt House Club and another at the Bembridge Sailing Club during the week and much private entertaining by various hosts, who included Mr. and Mrs. Robert Garnham, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Preston, both great sailing enthusiasts, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo whose new fibre-glass motor yacht Perpetua (the largest boat in the world made of fibre glass) has just been launched at Messrs. Attrills Yard at St. Helens, and Major "Chave" Nainby-Luxmore.

It was largely thanks not only to the very go-ahead Commodore but also to Major Nainby-Luxmore who gave much of his time for weeks ahead, that the whole event was so splendidly organized. There was a very enjoyable prize-giving at the Sailing Club after the final race when the prizes and trophies were presented by the Commodore of the Bembridge Sailing Club, Sir Hugh Dawson, who to everyone's regret retires at the end of this season. He has been Commodore for three years during which time his great administrative ability and his personal generosity have done wonders for the club. A charming gesture on the part of one of the visitors at this gathering was made by the Finnish yachtsman Mr. J. R. Flinkenberg, who presented the B.S.C. with a silver trophy in the form of a mast with a racing flag.

A great personality and very able helmsman sadly missed at this event and all the week was Mr. Michael Crean, who was originally favourite for the race with his boat Inge. Unfortunately he broke his leg in Hallows Yard two days before the race began and spent the week in Ryde Hospital.

I MOTORED over to Cowes on the second day and found the whole place very gay. Flags were flying from most of the buildings along the front, the town was packed with enthusiasts. There were hundreds of craft of every shape and size anchored off Cowes and many yachts could be seen competing in their various races, as the Royal London Yacht Club Regatta was in full swing.

The big event of the day was the Round the Island race for which there were twenty-three starters. This is a handicap for boats thirty feet or more, over a course of about fifty-four miles, which took the first two boats home just over seven and a half hours to complete. The first of these was Flica II owned by Mr. H. R. Attwood which was built by Fife on the Clyde in 1939. She was formerly owned by Mr. Hugh Goodson who sold her after the war.

I stood on the Squadron lawn near her former owner watching her come in. She made a magnificent picture in the evening sunshine with her pale blue spinnaker set, as she sailed quietly past and the gun on the steps of the Royal Yacht Squadron signalled her arrival. Close behind, one minute nine seconds later, came Major Reggie Macdonald-Buchanan's fine boat Kaylena which had enjoyed a great race all day with Flica II. Crewing for Major Macdonald-Buchanan in this race were Major Towers-Clark, Sir Giles Loder and Mr. Michael Crichton. The race was won by Mr. S. B. Slater's cutter Uomie, with Mr. T. G. Ratsey's Evenlode second and Lt.-Col. R. G. F. Scholfield's Fandango, third.

ALSO racing that day in a handicap for yachts of 19 feet to 24 feet were Mr. J. W. Nicholson's Tarbaby the ultimate winner, Mr. Alan Miller's Skirl and Mr. C. F. Donne's Farida who were all competing for the Muriel Gretton Cup. In the Dragon class Mr. C. Lallow and Mr. F. Woodruff's new boat Vodka gained her first victory while the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh's Bluebottle finished third. Strolling along the sea front or walking up the narrow main shopping street of the town, I saw the Hon. Mrs. Julian Berry wearing a showy brown jacket over a navy blue coat.

She had just come ashore from Virginia, in which Viscount Camrose was taking his mother on a cruise down the coast of Spain a few days later. Valerie Lady Smiley was talking to Countess St. Aldwyn who has so many friends that she was being greeted by some every few yards. Mr. and Mrs. Guy Mansell were in the front, and at the Gloucester Hotel Mrs. Hob Laycock was talking to a group of friends. She and her husband were staying with Lord Camden on board Virginia and the following day it was announced that H.M. the Queen had conferred a knighthood on General Laycock and appointed him Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta. The Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, looking very neat in navy blue, was doing a little shopping. She told me her daughter Mary would be down for the latter part of the week.

Another young girl who in contrast had to

leave at the beginning of Cowes Week to help with the cooking at their Gloucestershire home was Miss Sally St. George, who had been staying with her aunt Lady Gunston. Her parents Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Ferris St. George were racing during Cowes Week in the cutter Varuna which Col. St. George shares with Col. Jackie Ward.

Before lunch Lord Churston was waiting on the jetty for a motor boat to take him out to lunch on board with friends and, like everyone else I met, was delighted that the Marquess Camden had that morning been elected Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron in succession to the late Viscount Camrose. Lord Camden's father was Vice-Commodore of the Squadron for fifteen years and Commodore for two years.

I had a delicious lunch on board Sir Hugh Dawson's motor cruiser Verity in which he is taking a party of friends including Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn over to Deauville later this month. After lunch I visited Mr. Hugh Goodson and his lovely wife in their very comfortable motor cruiser Watonia, where they were also entertaining friends. They had come up as they do each year from their home in Devon. After going ashore I met Mr. Duncan Sandys on his way to a late lunch in the Royal Yacht Squadron. He had spent the morning being initiated in the art of sailing a Redwing by Sir Derrick Gunston in his Curlew.

Later, meeting their friends during tea on the famous Squadron lawn where many of the traditions of bygone days are still upheld, I saw the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Sir Ralph Gore, having tea with Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Goodson. They were later joined by Mrs. Towers Clark whose husband was still racing. Nearby the newly-elected Vice-President, the Marquess Camden, was sitting at a table with friends while Viscount Camrose had his brother the Hon. Julian Berry and Princess Aly Khan with him. Miss Fiona Fitzgerald came in with her mother Mrs. Arthur Wiggins. Mrs. Bertram Currie wearing a printed pink silk dress was having tea, also Miss Smith-Dorrien, Mrs. Dick Freemantle whose husband as Vice-Commodore of the R.L.Y.C. was having a busy day, and Air Commodore Quinell who was racing during the week in Yolaine. Everywhere I heard the same wish expressed—that they hoped H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh would honour Cowes Week with their presence next year in the Royal Yacht Britannia.

I ENDED the day with Lady Loder in their new motor yacht Golden Beaver which has golden coloured sails and a Diesel engine. Sir Giles who came on board after racing in the Kaylena, designed this boat himself. It really is delightful, with plenty of room for their two schoolboy sons and even two additional guests, as there are six berths and plenty of cupboard room.

There were as usual numerous cocktail parties each evening at the various yacht clubs on shore and in many of the boats anchored off Cowes. On the Wednesday night there was the annual Charity Ball, on Friday the big firework display and after

the end of Cowes Week, many competitors and their friends went over to Bembridge for the annual ball at the Bembridge Sailing Club on the Saturday night which was first inaugurated by Sir Derrick Gunston.

* * *

FOLLOWING my visit to Cowes and Bembridge I flew over to Dublin. The Dublin Horse Show at Ballsbridge which is unique and certainly one of the best horse shows in the world, brings visitors from all parts of the globe, who not only have the show and the bloodstock sales to attend each day, but numerous balls and private parties in the evenings which are always part of the gaieties of this brilliant occasion. This year I was told there were more visitors than ever from America, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, and I am sure they must have thoroughly enjoyed their stay. On arrival at the Shelbourne Hotel, always a whirl of activity during the show, I found Leo their famous hall porter dealing most efficiently with everyone's "wants." Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Harold Boyd-Rochfort, Capt. and Mrs. Andrew Knowles, Mr. Stafford Byers and Mr. and Mrs. Regan McKinney from Maryland were among those staying there who I saw in that brief time. The show ground was looking its best, bathed in brilliant sunshine. Nowhere in the world is there a finer setting for a horse show. There is judging simultaneously each morning in the four smaller judging rings fringed with shady trees; there is the spectacular jumping enclosure, one of the largest in the world, with its verdant turf, edged with flower beds, two Irish banks, the water jump and the other more usual S.J.A. obstacles. Well-built stands run along each side and at one end is a row of private boxes where much entertaining goes on.

MANY of the hunter classes for yearlings upwards had already been judged. But I arrived in time to see two especially interesting events. First the judging of prizewinners for the Pembroke Challenge Cup, a much treasured trophy for young horses, mares or geldings from a yearling to a four-year-old who had been prizewinners in their respective classes. The cup was awarded to Royalty, a brown four-year-old owned and bred by Mr. John Black, of Crebilly, Ballymena. The runner-up was an exceptionally nice looking chestnut three-year-old filly Fair Oleine by Nearcoline by Nearco out of a Cottage mare Fair Abbey. She was bred by her exhibitor Mr. Michael McCarthy of Fermoy, Co. Cork. Then everyone went over to the jumping enclosure to watch the judging for the coveted title "Champion Hunter of the Show." The judges were Viscount Knutsford and Mr. J. M. Castle. Their task was not difficult this year, as the new champion the four-year-old grey gelding What a Walk, owned by Mr. Matthew Parle, is a truly outstanding young horse. He stands 17.1 hands, is easily up to the fifteen stone and upwards conditions of the class he had won, a

[Continued overleaf]



Baron and Baroness Eugene de Rothschild were about to take their seats in the stalls before the beginning of the first act



Mr. Jerome Whyte, the producer, and Miss Betty de Vigier went to meet some friends during the interval



Others who thoroughly enjoyed this light-hearted production were Mr. Alec Shanks and Miss Josephine Clinch

Spectators At The First Night Of "Salad Days" Applauded A Frolic Of Youth



Cheerful meeting during the "Flying Fifteen" dinner at the Globe Hotel was between Mrs. Robert Fosh, Mr. and Mrs. John Baker, Mr. Uffa Fox and Mrs. Frances Snary, wife of the class secretary

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Flowers And Bouquets For Dublin's Week

beautiful mover, and I was told a perfect ride, with a kind, easy temperament. I really felt my long journey, for one day only, had been well worth while now, if only to see this champion, who in my humble opinion is the finest seen since the great Mighty Atom won here, also as a four-year-old, in 1948. The reserve champion to What a Walk was Lady Langford's six-year-old brown gelding Munsborough, on which she won the Ladies Hunter Championship the next day.

WATCHING the Hunter Championship I saw Judge Wylie, Vice-President of the Royal Dublin Society and Chairman of the executive committee who is an inspiring personality of this Show, Viscount Powerscourt, one of the Stewards, Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet who had motored in from Altadore Castle, her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Du Buisson, Major and Mrs. Charles Radclyffe who had come over from their home in Oxfordshire and brought her thirteen-year-old son, Sir William Pigott-Brown, who was thoroughly enjoying his first Dublin Show, and Miss Jane Drummond Hay with her fiancé Mr. Timothy Whiteley. Sir Victor Crutchley, V.C., was watching the judging with Major and Mrs. Michael Beaumont, joint-Masters of the "Killing" Kildares, and nearby were the Earl and Countess of Meath, who had a house party for the Show, Major and

Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham, Mrs. Dominick Browne whose husband Brig. Dominick Browne was one of the Ring Stewards, and Mr. and Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy who also had a house party at Bishops Court, where their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Francis Williams and Capt. and Mrs. Peter Tufnell.

After lunch I went in to see the Royal Horticultural Society of Ireland's Summer Flower Show which as usual was of a very high standard. There was a magnificent exhibit of many beautiful roses from Sam McGredy's nurseries at Portadown, Northern Ireland and the Slieve Donard Nursery, of Newcastle, Co. Down, showed some splendid herbaceous plants. A most amusing feature farther on in the hall were hats made of fruit or fresh flowers, and the first prize-winner was a most exotic little creation which Reboux would have acclaimed.

★ ★ ★

BIDDING for yearlings across at the Ballsbridge Bloodstock Sales was patchy that afternoon. I saw a nice looking chestnut colt by Maharaj Kumar out of Roseton sold to Mr. T. Lawrence for 400 guineas for which Mr. Hubert Hartigan, who was there with his wife, was the underbidder. Looking at the yearlings in the parade ring were the Earl of Fingall, Mr. Victor Cartwright, Mr. Nesbitt



General Holden and his wife (right) were entertaining Mr. and Mrs. David Livingston aboard their yacht Titlar

COWES HARBOUR was thronged with yachtsmen making their craft ready for sailing. In addition, much entertaining was done, not only private parties and luncheons but yacht club dinners being given

Waddington talking to Mr. Murless, Sir Thomas Ainsworth and Mrs. Toby Wellesley. Back on the show ground the jumping competitions were of a high standard and most enjoyable to watch. In the second event on a course over fly fences, Col. Joe Hume Dudgeon riding Sea Lion and his son Mr. Ian Dudgeon riding Go Lightly, both having completed two clear rounds, tied for first place. The next international jumping competition over the permanent R.D.S. course with some additional jumps also ended in a tie between the famous French rider M. Jonquieres d'Orliola on the grey Voulette, and the Irish rider Lt. B. P. Cullinan on Glanmire, who both did two clear rounds and divided the first and second prizes.

As well as the British and Irish teams, there were competitors from Canada, France, Germany and Portugal jumping at the Show. Among the spectators were Mr. Whitney Stone, chairman of the New York Horse Show and his wife, Mr. H. Sarina, a prominent member of the Royal Agricultural Society of New South Wales, Mr. and Mrs. Cox from Boston — she is one of the finest harness class judges — the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, Miss Gypsy Lawrence with Sir Rhys Llewellyn whose brother, Col. Harry Llewellyn, was sadly missed this year, Lord Bruntisfield, Cdr. and Mrs. Peter Fitzgerald, who run a successful stud in Co. Limerick, Miss Linda McNair Scott with her aunt the Hon. Mrs. Macauley, Major and Mrs. John Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Roly Byers and their daughter Mary-Louise, they had a house-party at Clonsilla House, Viscountess Bury, wearing a red hat with her grey suit, and Lady Carew whose daughter the Hon. Diana Connolly-Carew I watched do a clear round in the children's jumping event.

I ALSO saw Mr. Gerald Balding who was playing polo at the Polo Club most evenings, Brig. and Mrs. Edward Boylan both in great form, with a house full of guests at Hilltown, the Marquess of Kildare, Lord and Lady Rathdonnell, Sir Francis Brooke, one of the Stewards, Col. Dan Corry riding a prizewinning hunter, Capt. the Hon. John and Mrs. Brooke, Mr. John Wylie helping his father with the very lively commentating during some of the events, and Miss Jane Kent who was judging Ladies' hunters with Mrs. Pamela Caruthers.

Before I caught the late plane back to London I went to the evening race meeting at Phoenix Park, which always takes place in Horse Show week, and provides a very amusing evening in fine weather. Happily it was pleasantly warm and the racing though not outstanding was quite interesting. Celestial Gold, a nice filly belonging to Mr. H. T.



Mr. Gordon Simpson, Miss Jennifer Burley and Miss Susan Stuart met for a drink before going to the "Swallow Class" dinner



Mr. Trevor Glanville, who entertained during the same dinner with his brother Geoffrey, chatted to Miss Ann Johnston Noad



Three other guests at the Corinthian Yacht Club were Mr. Geoffrey Gilbert, Miss Daphne Turner and Mr. Peter Turner

de Vere Clifton, won the Blake Plate, the richest race that evening, very convincingly from Mr. Joseph McGrath's Katushev. Many friends were enjoying the hospitality of Sir Lauriston Arnott, watching the racing from his private box which has a perfect view. His sister Lina Lady de Freyne was there, and her son and daughter-in-law Lord and Lady de Freyne, who were just back from America where they went for part of their honeymoon, returning in time for Horse Show week. I met Mr. T. S. Reeves talking to Capt. and Mrs. Darby Rogers who were busy as he saddled several runners during the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby, who have several horses in training in Ireland, with Capt. Darby Rogers's son Mr. Jim Rogers, who won the Irish Two Thousand Guineas earlier this year with Mr. Thursby's Arctic Wind which he has since sold I believe to go abroad, had come from their Irish home where they are staying until September. Many of those I have already mentioned at the Horse Show were racing, and others included Mr. Eric Wood, the Hon. Rose Talbot with Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge and their son David, Lord Hemphill, Mr. Paddy McCann, Miss Jennifer Llewellyn, the Hon. Grania Wingfield and her father Viscount Powerscourt. They had a house-party of Grania's young friends staying at Powerscourt, including Miss Norina Stewart-Clark, who was looking very pretty when I saw her at the Horse Show, Sir Nicholas Nuttall and the Marquess of Watford, who was going to celebrate his coming-of-age the following week with a party for the tenant and employees and a ball at his home in Co. Watford.

There were as usual numerous parties during Horse Show week. Friends were telling me how much they had enjoyed Mrs. Aileen Plunkett's dance at Luttrellstown Castle on the Saturday before the show, and Mrs. Gaisford-St.

Lawrence's dance on Monday night for her débutante daughter Susan at their family home Howth Castle, which was floodlit for the occasion. The following evening the British Ambassador in Dublin, Sir Walter Hankinson, gave a very enjoyable cocktail party.

The same evening the Irish Army gave their annual dinner party at McKee Barracks in honour of the visiting show jumping teams, and later that night Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. E. Hoare and Mr. George Ansley gave a coming out dance for his débutante daughter Miss Penelope Ansley at Bray. Lord and Lady Windlesham gave a luncheon party on the Thursday for friends in Dublin for the Horse Show and there was the annual Cavalry Ball and the numerous Hunt Balls which always take place this week ending, as always, with the gay Louth Hunt Ball on the Friday night.

★ ★ ★

At Euston later that week, I met Mr. Turrell, the quiet and efficient station master, supervising the departure of one of the numerous trains for the north. I was on my way to Gleneagles Hotel in Perthshire, one of the most glorious spots in Scotland to which visitors return year after year, as they know that not only will they have every comfort and really good cooking, but plenty to amuse them, for there are three golf courses, tennis courts, a swimming pool and a squash court.

Sir John and Lady Fitzgerald have been enjoying a stay there, also Major and Mrs. Henderson, who had come on from Invercauld in Aberdeenshire, where they had been staying with her brother, Mr. Alwyn Farquharson. Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey had their usual happy family party with them, although their elder son and daughter-in-law, Mr. Adrian and Lady Mary Bailey, were still away on their honeymoon in the South of France. With them at Gleneagles were Mr. Bailey's mother,

Mrs. W. A. Bailey, his brother Mr. Ian Bailey who had been fishing on the Spey, their younger son David, who left to return to his regiment, the Welsh Guards, in the Canal Zone, and Mrs. Bailey's brother, Mr. Alan Robertson.

MR. AND THE HON. MRS. LESLIE GAMAGE were staying there for their usual month or more. The night I arrived they had a big dinner party in the Restaurant du Soleil, when their guests, who were all staying in the hotel, included Col. and Mrs. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Snelling, and Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Davis from Virginia, who were once again looking at famous herds in the country, Miss Jean Donald, the former women's Scottish golf champion, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bulgin from Vancouver, who I watched enjoying a good game of golf on the Queen's course next morning, and Mr. Shankland, who was going on to shoot with friends in Perthshire.

Besides this party, among those dancing in the ballroom later were Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Wallace, who live near Stirling and had a party, including their daughter and their three sons, the latter all wearing the kilt which added to the gaiety of the scene, and M. Jacques Bernay, the French lawyer, who was over from Paris with a party of friends. Others enjoying this haven of rest and comfort with glorious scenery all round included Lady Mackenzie Wood, the Egyptian Ambassador and Mme Hakki, Lady Sherwood and her sons Lord Chetwode and the Hon. Christopher Chetwode.

During my all too brief stay I visited Mrs. Borland and her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Propart-Jones, at Kincardine Castle, one of the loveliest homes in Scotland. Mr. and Mrs. Propart-Jones have a very fine herd of Aberdeen Angus cattle, and were delighted at their success at the recent Perth Show when they gained several awards, including reserve to the champion.



Relaxing on board Lutine were Mr. Richard Parton, Mr. Colin McKerron, Miss Jane Russell Cargill and Mr. Ray Trumper



Miss Sheila Dipple, Mr. Nigel Helme and Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth talked over an energetic day's racing



In a club launch going out to their yacht Toucantoo were Sir Geoffrey and Lady Lowles, with Mr. Geoffrey Glanville (left)



Clearing a jump with ease, Lt. B. P. Cullinan (Irish Army), riding Clannmire, won the International Competition on the opening day of the show.



H.E. The President of Ireland, Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly, presented the Aga Khan Cup to Lt.-Col. D. N. Stewart, the captain of the English Team.



Lady Helena Hilton-Green, a sister of the late Earl Fitzwilliam, was there with her daughter, Miss Julia Hilton-Green.



In the jumping enclosure were Viscount Knutsford, who had come from Hertfordshire, and the Hon. Diana Hibbert.

WORLD'S HORSEMEN MET IN DUBLIN

INTERNATIONAL riders acknowledge the capital of Eire as the centre of good horsemanship and this year's show underlined Dublin's reputation. Jennifer on page 271-272 describes some of the personalities and parties which helped to make this the peak of the Irish season.



Watching the judging with great interest were Miss O. Mank-Roxby, Miss Frankie Boylan and Miss P. Morrough-Bernard, all of whom came out this season.



Major Oswald Page and Mrs. Page (left), from Newtownbarry, Co. Wexford, chatted to Miss Christina Salthill, a visitor from the south of England.

AT THE RACES

GOODWOOD IN
A TEMPEST

• Sabretache •

ONE of the few redeeming features about leaky Goodwood was the Royal victory, a runaway one at that, for Landau, who jumped off in front and had it to himself all the way. Some of us were foolish enough to hope that Boreas and his friends would be sportsmen enough to leave the pleasantest meeting in the whole Racing Calendar alone. Nothing of the sort, however, happened and from the opening day onwards the weather could have hardly been worse.

For some reason or other the Stewards Cup over six furlongs has nearly as great a fascination for the confiding punter as the National or the Derby, perhaps because it is such a toss-up. Not only was the weather every bad word of which anyone can think—a full gale and squalls—but no one seemed to be able to find a winner. The prices are the best confirmation of this; but that's how it goes at this racing game. If the Fielders did not help themselves, they had only one person to blame. Over the Stewards Cup there was a pretty strong ring and the fusillade seemed to be fairly general with people just blazing into the brown in the hope of hitting something. Some horses just will not face a tempest, and on this recent occasion they could not be blamed. The Royal victory was some compensation but I wonder whether Landau will ever be a really long journeyman.

I FEEL pretty certain that, fit and well, Infatuation will win the Leger. We were quite right to back Osborne "next time out," and he won like the good horse that unquestionably he is. The Cup showed us yet once again how to wait in front, and Rickaby rode exactly the right race on Blarney Stone. It is sometimes easier to wait in front instead of behind, provided always the other jockeys will let you do it, which does not always happen! It can be so deceptive. However, a very good horse won it and I do not think that Brigadier Whyatt has any reason to regret Premonition's retirement.

THE latest life of Lord Roberts, by David James, is as good as anyone could hope for written by someone too young ever to have known the original. "Bobs Bahadur" was absolutely first class on and off a horse, and he was a delight to know. He was just the right cut for a light-weight horseman, and if he had ever felt like it, and had taken to race-riding, I should think he could have gone to scale at about 9.7 in a fairly comfortable saddle! He had the neatest seat in the world on a horse. Although he never took to race-riding he was quite fond of having a go over any steeplechase course that might be handy at any place where he was due to inspect any unit, and there was a story about his riding over the jump course at Meerut which was not quite to the taste of his attendant A.D.C. (Faber, I think it was) who was not a very light weight, and was not expecting it.

I remember Lord Roberts buying a little horse named Rabbit, who had won the Calcutta Paper-chase Cup, ridden by his owner, of course, Alaric Butler, for whom many years later I had the luck to ride a few winners. Lord Roberts bought Rabbit because he was such a nailing good little jumper, and, so far as I remember, his daughter had most of the fun out of the transaction, because she used to ride him oftener than the C-in-C. He was a neat little bay horse full of pluck, as active as a cat and with an eye in each one of his feet. I do not think he ever fell, and before he was sold I had one ride on him, but not in a race.



Studying a programme were Lord and Lady de Freyne, who have just returned from their honeymoon in the United States



Mr. and Mrs. Jim Bamber, who own many good horses in Co. Antrim, watched the events of the Show from the jumping enclosure



Commenting on an unusually fine display of jumping were Miss Ann Byers, from Co. Down, and Mr. Henry Clarke



The Marquess of Dufferin and Ava had come with his sister, Lady Perdita Blackwood, from their home in Co. Down



Waiting for the arrival of teams competing for the Aga Khan Cup were judges Mr. A. Levins Moore, Mr. J. Wylie, Mr. A. N. Reynolds, Mr. M. O'Brien, Mr. T. Ryan, Mr. G. Nugent and Mr. P. Dunne-Cullinan

Fennell



THE MAGIC PIANO which makes everybody dance is jealously guarded by street-urchin Troppo (Bob Harris) and he looks on with approval as the tramp (Newton Blick), its owner, offers to lend it to Timothy (John Warner) and Jane (Eleanor Drew)

Anthony Cookman

[Illustrations
by Emmwood]

At the Theatre

"Salad Days" (Vaudeville)

BAD acting often enchants by virtue of its very artlessness. Only it must be true artlessness. One unfortunate touch of precociously acquired technique, and the quality that delights us in the spontaneous acting of children or undergraduates is likely to be ruined. The extraordinary thing about this musical frolic, half fantasy, half revue, is that though carried through by professional actors, it somehow manages to suggest the spontaneity of an undergraduate lark. It makes us feel that we might be at Cambridge in Rag Week; it also makes us feel—and this is the extraordinary thing about the experience—perfectly happy to be there.

Mr. Denis Carey undoubtedly has what gardeners know as green fingers. Whatever he sets in the theatrical soil catches the limelight and flourishes. A couple of years ago his production of *The Two Gentlemen Of Verona*, transplanted from the Bristol Old Vic to the Waterloo Road, was acclaimed the pick of a bad season at the parent theatre. Now he has set a humble West Country flower growing on the West End stage and sees it received with the wonder and the rapturous applause usually accorded only to some splendidly orchidaceous product of the hothouse. Most of the credit for this surprising result must go to Mr. Carey. It is he who has induced the actors either to forget their professional technique or to use it so unobtrusively that it never gets between us and what we receive as a fetchingly artless display of youthful high spirits.

WHAT credit is left over belongs to the composer. Mr. Julian Slade's setting of Sheridan's comic operetta, *The Duenna*, has a great deal to do with its successful revival; and his musical accompaniment to this frolic has always an engagingly gay tinkle and occasionally produces a tune that is hummable. The authors of the book are Mr. Slade and Miss Dorothy Reynolds. It is the sort of book that frankly takes its inspiration from the undergraduate stage and is never much better than the run of end-of-term pieces on which it is modelled.

There is the expected "brilliant" comic idea which

is left more or less undeveloped since its development would require more inventive resource and more theatrical art than the authors command. A young couple come by a magic street piano which sets everybody dancing, the ragamuffin, the bishop, the policeman and eventually even the kill-joy Minister of the Crown whose political slogan has been "Let not the people dance." The gay transfiguration of Hyde Park happens not once, but several times; and between whiles there are revue scenes. Here the ideas do not pretend to be brilliant; but they pass the time equally for all that. There is the fashionable lady undergoing savage beauty treatment while she chatters gaily and incessantly into a telephone. There are the M.I.5 men whose work is so secret that the simplest remark on the weather must be whispered with every possible precaution against eavesdroppers. There is the night club entertainer who divertingly uses two pairs of arms. There is a trip in a flying saucer.



CABINET MINISTER
Augustine Williams (Michael
Aldridge) strongly dis-
approves of any form of pleasure

FROM these inconsequent happenings we return to the story which is nothing if not inconsequent. It is that of the young married man whose worldly prospects depend on influential uncles. So long as he can send round the hat among those who cannot resist the magic piano all is well, but when the magic piano vanishes he is left at the mercy of the uncles. However, they are an odd lot, and the oddest and least reputable turns out in the end to be the most influential.

Miss Reynolds herself plays several parts with much versatility, and her co-author plays one of the pianos in the orchestra pit. Mr. Newton Blick, whether as dancing bishop or top-hatted tramp, is benignly enigmatic. Mr. John Warner and Miss Eleanor Drew are involved as the happy-go-lucky lovers in a swift succession of jolly songs and lively dances, and Mr. Michael Meacham plays several young men pleasingly and well. But the whole thing depends less on individual accomplishment than on the collective contribution to something which seems to have come about accidentally but, on the whole, very happily.



Lively conversation was provided by Mrs. David Fry, while Dr. George Kersley (left) and Air Marshal Sir Aubrey Ellwood proved an attentive audience

UNITED SERVICES DAY in Bath was celebrated by a cocktail party, to raise funds for a new Services Club in the city's historic Queen Square. Guests forgathered in a special marquee which had been erected for the purpose near the display ground



Air Commodore and Mrs. B. C. Yarde, who had just visited the display ground, came into the marquee for a drink



Capt. M. Banks was telling Mrs. W. A. Stewart about the Greenland expedition, from which he had just returned



Morris

A group of friends who had met to enjoy a drink together during the early part of the evening were Mrs. R. Scott, Admiral Sir Alexander Madden and Mrs. Francis Jarman

London Limelight



Leslie Henson joking with relations Hazel Court and Bertha Russell

Birthday Honours

CONGRATULATIONS are due to Leslie Henson on his sixty-third birthday, and on the forty-fourth anniversary of his first public appearance in a show appropriately called *The Tatlers*, which flourished at Bath in 1910.

This very eminent comedian is now to be seen at the Garrick in *Relations Are Best Apart*, a fact which is the single redeeming feature of the evening, for the play plumbs every shallow from Piccadilly to Wigan Pier. Let us therefore celebrate the man who has been our royal host on innumerable splendid occasions: the eater of Seidlitz powders on a hangover, the objector to the Green Eye of the Yellow God, James Skippet, Toby Prout, Olaf Henscuddle and Mr. Pepys. To each member of this long gallery of masterpieces we raise our glasses. The present bottle may be corked but that is the fault of the vintners, not of the vine.

ANOTHER masterly entertainer, Wilfrid Lawson, is also presenting a study of old age in the West End, in a more pretentious but equally indifferent vehicle. *The Wooden Dish*, at the Phoenix, is one of those self-conscious U.S. efforts (see also *All My Sons*) whose predecessors can be found in any folio of Nordic rejects of fifty years ago. So considerable was Mr. Lawson's magnetism, radiating through dialogue and situations which Harriet Beecher Stowe might have left among her discards for Papa Ibsen's ruminative eye, that one waited expectantly until the last curtain for one single ray of original thought. But out of the hat came nothing but the flagging fag-ends of all nations.

THE D'Oyly Carte company returns in mid-September to its original home, the Savoy. There are various newcomers to the team and one new presentation—*Princess Ida*, originally seen in 1884. Despite the public hysteria on the opening night it was not, by comparison, a success and hence is rarely revived. Since the rest of the repertoire is so familiar I wonder that *The Grand Duke* and *Utopia Unlimited* are not occasionally presented, with settings perhaps by Osbert Lancaster, who was so properly acclaimed for his *Pineapple Poll* designs.

If musical revivals prove popular the moguls could do a deal worse than to blow the dust off *The Arcadians*. The man from Wagga Wagga, Bill Kerr, would make an excellent modern edition of Alfred Lester and the melodies are still on the menu of every light orchestra in Christendom. It might even prove the means of converting the middle-aged to ice-shows.

—Youngman Carter



Tasker

GORDON BECKLES WILLSON, for seven years the contributor of "Talk Around The Town." He died, on August 4th, at a time when he was writing better than ever before in his long career. He was aged 52, leaves a widow, a son, and twin daughters

Talk Around the Town

FLEET STREET has its own wry way of mourning the death of colleagues and friends. Of sentiment there is none—visible, at all events. Of sincere regret that the calling has lost a craftsman—there is a great deal, and this is expressed by word of mouth, not in the public prints; for the tradition is that newspapermen are not, of themselves, news.

On the whole, I think the tradition a good one, and that the very modest tributes paid to Gordon Beckles on the day after he died were sufficient.

This journal falls into a slightly different pattern, of course (writes Sean Fielding), since Beckles was the incumbent of this

column for seven years and he stood in special relation to readers. Hence these notes about him.

HE had been a friend of mine since 1929, and in the years immediately before the Second World War I served under him at the *Daily Mail*, where he was first Assistant, then Deputy, Editor. A gentle, kindly man—and exceedingly able. He was once a Fleet Street "boy wonder" (assistant Editor of the *Sunday Dispatch* at twenty-five qualified him for that accolade) and had survived it successfully; but as he got older, positions of great responsibility appeared to attract him less and less. He was awkward under the proprietorial hand and the

formidable battalions of management greatly irked him.

So, in time, with his prose style maturing and his deep knowledge of men and manners broadening, he turned away from office desks, the daily conferences, the harsh clangour of the night telephone, the wet page-proofs, and the unceasing strain of major policy decisions. He became a free-lance and in that sphere I think he did his best work, and I believe he was happy.

He loved the more agreeable aspects of the West End of London—about which he was very knowledgeable—and it was his custom to walk from his flat to the Savage Club each mid-morning and there take a tankard of beer with friends. If you were around at such times, you learned a great deal about Beckles and his views on the contemporary scene.

YOU knew him then to be a man of great integrity, of wide-ranging interests and as having much of the milk of human kindness. You realised also that the asthma from which he suffered was a great burden, although he rarely complained.

His death leaves us all that much poorer. An upright man, and a fine journalist; in a Street where talent is commonplace he was never of the herd.

★ ★ ★

SOME thought, I hope, may be spared for the Canadian cricket team, as well as the Pakistanis. Can ever two touring teams have encountered such vile weather?

The Canadians have only another couple of weeks with us and have yet (at this writing) to feel the sun on their backs.

They are an exceedingly pleasant set of men and the M.C.C., I know, has spared nothing to give them a good welcome and thus repay in some measure the splendid hospitality received in Canada in 1951.

The history of cricket in Canada can be said to have commenced officially in 1936, when a Canadian team visited England to play a series of friendly matches. This tour was not ambitious, but it started a chain of events and created such goodwill and interest that the M.C.C. returned the compliment and sent a strong team to visit Canada in 1937. The M.C.C. played various teams and travelled right across Canada and the interest which their visit stimulated was enormous. Perhaps the highlight of the tour was when the M.C.C. suffered their only defeat in Toronto at the hands of an all-Canadian team. How my great and good friend Matthew Halton, of the Canadian Broadcasting Company, crows about *that one*!

THE war put a stop to a return visit and, incidentally, took a heavy toll of Canadian cricketers, but as soon as possible after the war another tour was organised, and in 1951 the M.C.C. sent a strong side to Canada, captained by R. W. V. Robins, to play a series of Test matches. The M.C.C. team had a remarkably happy time and made friends right across the country. Also, they were defeated twice. The general picture of cricket in Canada shows that the game is played in five of the ten provinces: Ontario, British Columbia, Quebec, Manitoba and Alberta, and it is true to say that although baseball is the established game, cricket activity has been greatly stepped up since the war.



D. R. Stuart

THE GLANVILL CUP, trophy of the Public Schools Lawn Tennis Championship, was won for the first time by Westminster. Standing: N. Cohen, Mr. S. Lushington, the coach, T. Farquhar-Smith, C. Prince. Sitting: G. Clarke, D. Gordon, captain, T. Richter

I am told that in Toronto there are three leagues functioning, with about 20 Clubs, of which 12 put out two elevens each. In Vancouver there are 10 Clubs, in Montreal 8, and several other cities have 6 or less.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE a private theory that the average Londoner knows singularly little of his own great city.

"Can you tell me where is Hungerford Lane?"

I addressed this question to a newspaper-seller outside the West gate of Charing Cross Station. He frowned, pushed back his cap. "You mean Hungerford Bridge."

"I do not. I mean Hungerford Lane."

Again the puzzled look, the heavy frown and the cap adjustment.

"Well guv'nor, I've been around here selling papers since I was a nipper, and I've never heard of it."

Hungerford Lane was, in fact, twenty yards from where he stood—a dark and exceedingly narrow thoroughfare which runs beside the station. On its Strand entrance there is posted a flower-girl and it is easiest to identify the place by her colourful presence.

Wander down it and you will discover

a firm (under the railway arches supporting, I should judge, Platform 6) with the enchanting and altogether unexpected name of Moraima of Spain; wine-merchants, of course. I went there because an old gentleman, who died many years ago, was accustomed to drink a certain Scotch whisky. Much research in Edinburgh produced the information that the whisky is still obtainable—in Hungerford Lane.

★ ★ ★

THERE came to my hand to-day (the rain is pelting against my window) a letter from a faithful reader.

He writes from Newbury and he encloses, from the *Bystander* of October 19th, 1927, a coloured plate by artist Stan Terry.

Terry depicts a miserably unhappy pierrot, banjo in reverse under his arm, against a seaside background of lashing rain and abandoned umbrellas. Darkling clouds press upon the sad, red-nosed figure and gulls swoop, wide-winged, about him. The caption is magnificently brief—"The End! 1927."

My correspondent writes: "I was in England on leave from Ceylon in 1927 and wanted a reminder of the date of a really bad summer. So far we have a competitor this year . . . it might amuse your readers [to see the drawing]."

Unhappily, I cannot reproduce the drawing; but readers will have no difficulty, I think, in taking the point.

★ ★ ★

PARIAH

Ah, blessed time when I have been
No blot upon the social scene—
That sprightly state to-day I see
Crumbled to quiet antiquity.

My scintillating sallies now
Break brittle from decaying bough,
And I, a poor expatriate thing,
On drooping conversational wing,
Defeated and deflated go,
Not so dishonoured as de trop . . .

When televisionless, one's fate
Is to be excommunicate.

—Jean Stanger



Reception for Canadian Cricket Team in the Simpson Services Club



Mr. H. B. Robinson, captain of the visiting team, Dr. S. L. Simpson and Mr. L. J. H. Gunn, the Canadian manager



Mr. C. B. Fry chats to members of the team: Mr. L. Gunn, Mr. H. Padmore, Mr. J. Lucas, Mr. B. Christen, Mr. P. Stead and Mr. T. Rilstone

Mrs. S. L. Simpson, Maj.-Gen. R. Briggs, and Maj.-Gen. J. D. B. Smith, C.B.E., D.S.O., C.D., who spoke on behalf of the guests



Dancers who thoroughly entered into the gaiety of the evening were Mr. D. Salt and his partner Miss Judy Mackaness



In the flower-filled drawing-room, the hosts, Mr. and Mrs. John Stephenson, stood with their daughter, Miss Angela Stephenson, ready to welcome the guests on their arrival



Miss Leslie Stephenson was dancing a slow foxtrot with Mr. David Sleeman. Not until dawn did the party end



Outside in the garden, Brigadier and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower sat for awhile to enjoy the cool night air

DEBUTANTE DANCE AT POET'S HOME

ONE of the last debutante dances of the season was given for Miss Angela Stephenson by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Stephenson, in their home at Shiplake-on-Thames. The guests were able to dine out of doors and admire the grounds of this lovely house, from where, a hundred years ago, Lord Tennyson was married



Taking their drinks into the garden, Mr. Colin Paterson and Miss Jennifer Wells perched happily on an ivy-covered wall



In a corner of the terrace, an ideal setting for the occasion, Miss Diana Claisse, Mr. Gordon Alcock, Miss Elizabeth Scott-Hopkins and Mr. Richard Cottrell shared a table for supper



Pausing between dances to take a stroll through the grounds were Miss Susan Brakspear and Mr. M. Belfrage—



—while in another part of the garden, Miss Juliet Bareau and Mr. John King sat on a stone bench for a quiet chat



Turning from the gaiety within, Miss Elizabeth Cooper, Mr. Strang MacLay and Miss Janet Cooper stood by the lily pond and looked out over the peaceful lawns

Swache



DINING OUT

Breakfast North Of The Border

EDINBURGH—A flying pre-view to see whether the Festival has made wining and dining in the capital any more international proved largely that Edinburgh is determined to remain Scottish.

As any visitor knows, the most important meal is apt to be breakfast, and this can be made to stretch right through the day.

It is a delight to "breakfast out," with a variety of fresh scones, porridge, two different kinds of Scotch marmalade, and with kippers that really can taste almost as delicious as their aroma and look suggest, being properly smoked over oak chips.

You are liable to be greeted by this same sort of spread (less kippers) at 11 o'clock, and, if you are not careful, at lunch as well.

(But I enjoyed an excellent entrecôte in the grill hidden in the bowels of the North British.)

People who never have tea are tempted to here—it is the scones and shortbreads that do it.

FOR more conventional dining out we found some good cooking at the ALBYN and much the same standard at the APERITIF.

Most visitors tend to gravitate to the two big hotels on Princes Street, but we found an excellent if unexciting cuisine at the GEORGE, an ancient mansion that has undergone a drastic rejuvenation. Very good service.

The NORTH BRITISH has responded to the Festival's demands by opening a new buttery, as well as enlarging its American bar. While men in search of the season's new oysters will find something of a period piece up a lane opposite—the CAFÉ ROYAL, complete with red plush.

At the other end of the street the POMPADOUR, in the Caledonian, is said now to have an excellent chef.

IF the experience of London counts for anything, Edinburgh could do with a really first-class fish restaurant of the calibre of Prunier's or Wheeler's. So much that is good from the sea hails from Scottish waters! And for the matter of that, so does the finest of red meats. When you know how good Scots home cooking can be, it is surprising that the general standard throughout the country is so indifferent.

A great many places catering for tourists seem to have sprung up since our last visit in and about the Royal Mile. But I did not hear of one of interest to lovers of good food and wines.

One well-known theory was contested on this visit: that whisky is fatal with oysters. It is denied by people who have mixed both all their lives. Also that gin and whisky do not mix, or in sequence. But I think it safer to say that the native wine of Scotland is best on its own, diluted, of course, by discretion and taste.

—I. Bickerstaff



SRA. E. HERRERA MENDEZ DE QUADROS is the lovely wife of the new Uruguayan Ambassador in London, Sr. Don José A. Quadros. Her husband was formerly a Deputy in Parliament and the President of the Committee of International Affairs in the Chamber of Deputies

Priscilla in Paris

Visitors Make My City Unlovely

PARIS has donned her summer motley and presents herself to visitors as a mixture of Coney Island, 'Appy 'Ampstead and the gingerbread fair kneaded into a long-drawn-out Mardi Gras. Some of the visitors enjoy it. Indeed I am not sure that they are not responsible for the dishevelled appearance of this gracious city. The crowds that window-shop along the Champs Elysées and the grands boulevards are unlovely.

It is pleasant to be comfortable, but when comfort means slovenliness it is inexcusable. We are seeing too many fat women in shapeless flower frocks that dangle with regrettable transparency about ugly legs, too many pot-bellied men in loose shirts

that reveal wrinkled underwear; we are sick of the dull little smack of sneakers and heel-less sandals slap-slapping over the pavements and we are tired of naked toes, whether plain or varnished!

On ballet nights at the Grand Opera House it is difficult to accustom oneself to seeing shorts and sweaters in the stalls, and one feels annoyed even with those nice little girls in gym-slips accompanied by mackintoshes governesses. If I seem intolerant and uppety about these things I must be forgiven. Paris is one of the most beautiful cities in the world and I cannot bear to see her treated with contumely.

Going from one extreme to the other, the badly dressed to the almost too well-dressed, I visited several dress

shows this week. At these functions I am always delighted by the elegance of the visiting slaves of the pen who come from all parts of the universe to take note of, and impart to their stay-at-home sisters the latest fashion news. How do they manage to always look so well-turned-out? They seem to have advance knowledge of not only what to wear, but also, which is far more important, how to wear it.

HAVING little more than a liping acquaintance with the language of la haute mode I listen carefully to my Youngers and Betters. I now realise that the *haricot vert*—or French bean silhouette that we hear so much about is merely a condensed way of saying: "roses and dimples are 'out,' we are to be wan and willowy once more!" To be willowy usually means to be cold. We think of last winter and shiver, but there is consolation in the fact that so much fur is to be worn that we shall be as cosy as Eskimos. I have seen ermine shirt-waists to go under tailored suits and entire costumes of breitschwanz fur, the coats of which are lined with ermine. Cocktail frocks are bordered with fur (so cosy to wrap round one's ankles when one is seated too near the swing doors), and some of the fur bonnets or toques or what-you-wills are as snug as the Balaclava helmets that date from the Crimean War.

I must stop. The above notes are true, but I can never keep serious when I try to write about Fashions. I cannot help thinking that some of the fur bonnets I have seen would make wonderful foot-warmers, and this, I am sure, is not a suitable comment.

PARIS is to become a silent city! The ukase has gone forth: *Thou shalt not hoot!* At least one may hoot "in case of danger," but how we are to determine danger we know not. The jay walker who suddenly trips down into the roadway gives no warning. At crossings where there are no traffic lights how can we know what is silently coming round the corner? For the last week we have been practising different methods of approach. As a game of "I spy" it is rather fun, but it makes a hash of one's business appointments. I am glad that Elegant Elizabeth—my small 'bus—has a few rattles, one hears her coming. Owners of new and really silent cars are heading for a nervous breakdown.

I suggest that a petition be made for permission to tie a cow-bell to one's front bumper. This, I think, would be a charming innovation, giving a soft, muted sound suitable to the vales of Auteuil and the hills of Montmartre and Montparnasse. It remains to be seen, however, whether M. André Dubois, the new *Préfet de Police* who ordains that Paris must be silent, is a descendant of the Samuel Comstock who declared: "If you make the least damn bit of noise, I will send you to hell!" Perhaps a cow-bell, however muted, would be one large damn bit of noise in M. Dubois' opinion!

Enfin!

● After a certain age a woman's duty, from a sartorial point of view, is to be as inconspicuous as possible.



Mr. Maudling and his wife stroll in a picturesque corner of their garden. Formerly a lawyer, he was called to the Bar, Middle Temple, in 1940, and during the war served in the Royal Air Force



"Can't catch me," cried eight-year-old Caroline, from the safety of a tree, as Mark, who is ten, tried in vain to find her

A TREASURY M.P. IN HIS GARDEN

MR. REGINALD MAUDLING, M.P., the Economic Secretary to the Treasury, spends a quiet week-end at his country home, Bedwell Lodge, Essendon, Herts, with his wife and their children, Mark and Caroline. Before his present position, Mr. Maudling was Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Civil Aviation



Mrs. Maudling receives a big hug from her daughter Caroline, while Mark looks on and holds open the car door



The first sight of Funchal from the starboard of the Aquila flying-boat

The TATLER visits—

THE ISLAND OF THE SUN

MADEIRA in high summer reaches the peak of its long season of perpetual holiday. For English visitors the name has always been synonymous with Reids, one of the illustrious hotels of the world, which annually attracts its quota of visitors anxious to be sure of sunshine and relaxation in a superlative setting



Capt. Simpson, of The City of Funchal, finds a budding pilot in a young passenger, Michael Dias



Mrs. John Parry watches the making of a krash Banquet Cloth. Maria-Manuela, who is working on it, wears her Portuguese national costume. In the background is the sunlit Bay of Funchal



Master Edward Blandy appreciates a lesson in swimming from his nurse. He and his brother Richard are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. John Blandy, well-known residents of the island



Miss Terry Leacock, one of this season's debutantes, wears a hat which gives real sun protection



Timothy and Edward Maul were exploring the famous caves of the English Club



Anne and John Cossart with Alexandro Zino find a cool corner in the club gardens



Mr. Horace Zino, an island resident, explains the mysteries of an exposure meter to his son John



Miss Anne Mackenzie, daughter of the captain of the Arundel Castle, with her friend Peter Enos



H.E. Senhor Inocencio Camacho De Freitas, Governor of Madeira, with Senhora de Freitas (centre), entertained the British Consul and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Fladgate

Eric Coop



"The driver could see . . . and judge whether he is worth ruining a good run for."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

TRAVELLING one summer evening in a train with Senator Oliver Gogarty through one of the most magical stretches of Western Ireland, George Moore said fretfully: "I'd give five pounds to be able to look at this landscape properly for a few minutes." "You shall," said Gogarty, and pulled the communication-cord.

The peevish and art-loving Moore apparently got his £5 view within thirty seconds, whereas citizens being robbed or murdered nowadays on British trains may have, as the Chief Inspecting Officer of Railways lately reported, to wait from three to four minutes after pulling the cord. From the engine-driver's viewpoint it may be surmised that like any other sensitive artist he must detest any check in mid-action and react accordingly. We were once in a studio where a big red scowling City tycoon sitting for his portrait suddenly—owing to overwork, or even less reputable causes—toppled off the "throne" in a swoon and had to be removed forthwith to a rest-home, or possibly a loonybin. From the way the artist boy carried on you'd have thought he was Michaelangelo fresh from a row over the Sistine with Julius II. We sympathised nevertheless. His morning was, in fact, completely wasted.

Doubtless a great deal can happen to a travelling citizen during the three minutes between cord-pulling and train-stop, but one must think of the larger issues. Some TV arrangement in the engine-cab might be devised whereby when the cord is pulled the driver could see the citizen concerned, and judge whether he (she) is worth ruining a good run for. We're thinking on behalf of British Railways' backroom boys, who care for efficiency quite terribly. (Whistle.)

Memo

VARIOUS Crookettes specially trained with photographic memories were spotted and thrown out of the leading Paris dress salons on their lower-backettes as usual, figuratively or literally, before the recent autumn shows (writes "Toinette," our own Fashion Correspondent, hitching up his baggy old pants). And, we think, rightly. It's not a sporting type of theft. The word "un-English" trembles unbidden on the lip.

Notwithstanding which, one of the neatest of memory-coups, unless we err, was carried out in the 1780's by a Mr. Holcroft, a minor playwright who, having sat through the opening week in

Paris of *Le Mariage de Figaro* and memorised the whole play, produced a profitable version in London shortly afterwards under his own name, naturally without returning Beaumarchais a sou. Although big business was still in its infancy, Mr. H. was deemed a pretty smart number for robbing an eminent living author so successfully. Few booky boys choose to run this risk when some dead author, like (say) Smollett, who originally invented a recognisable slab of *Pickwick* and practically the whole of Shaw's *Pygmalion*, can neither sue nor hit. Booksies, you stink on ice.

Footnote

FASHION-SWIPPERETTES have, it occurs to us, a clear advantage. However silly a new frock may look, a few deft touches can make it even sillier and automatically their own. Moddom will appreciate the back-sweeping idiocy of the hipline and the nostalgic sneer of the little tin nosebags draped *en potence* from a flared corsage. Oooh! Yes! It's absolutely Me!

Torso

"It would have to be either a fairly small lady or a fairly large pianoforte," a wellknown composer said to us cautiously last week. We were discussing a question now exciting the entire British musical world. How far does a memsahib's torso stuffed into a grand pianoforte, as in a new West End stage-thriller, affect the interpretation, or what technically is called the "reading," of a given work?

It seems odd that no reference by Mr. Ernest Newman to Berlioz' wellknown monograph on the Ideal Orchestra, which calls for thirty concert grands, has so far (unless we err) discussed the experiment in Berlioz' mind. A series of thirty graded pianofortes taking every size of sweetheart from the Petite Soignée to what Bond Street calls Dignified Maturity could have settled the interpretation-question once and for all. Musicologists striving to discover why Berlioz never made this vital experiment will find a clue in a letter written to a leading critic, Bibi La Follette, in 1866, in which the composer records a heated chat on the subject with Erard, the wellknown pianoforte manufacturer.

Clue

CLIMAX of chat:

BERLIOZ: Most important of all is the larger or 15-stone type, which—

ERARD: Listen, we already provide for babies that size by carving a whacking great halfmoon out

of the side of every instrument for a diva to lean back against. So?

BERLIOZ: I want the big girl inside, nestling among the strings.

ERARD: No soap, boy.

BERLIOZ (angrily): This is sheer bourgeois reaction.

ERARD: A body that size would fuse all your rubati and utterly bitch your sforzandos. I dismiss your bizarre proposition, Berlioz, with a shrug. (Shrugs.)

So Berlioz had to admit himself done (*fichu*), and, being already soured by love for a cruel little English actress (*comédienne*), allowed mirthless laugh (*un rire métallique*) to distort his sombre pan (*bobine*), and banged out for a snifter (*apéro*).

Cheese

SLIPPING unobtrusively into the market again after long eclipse (*vide Press*), the authentic and distinctive cheese of Carphilly is doubtless resuming its half-mutinous, half-defiant appeal to all hearts not calloused by pride, corrupted by vice, or corroded by despair.

If the cognoscenti don't mind we'd like to describe this cheese in fairly highclass terms. It is a shy, creamy, dreamy, delicate, impulsive, rather moody little cheese of whole cow-milk, a trifle introvert, a trifle "difficult." Lacking the frigid insolence of a Cheddar, the shrugging apathy of an Emmenthal, the cynical finesse of a Ricotta Romana, and the fatiguing exhibitionism of a Brie, it is capable of postulating essential integrity with a kind of petulant brusquerie, at once engaging and disconcerting. The epicure will discover that in its "green" state (say at ten days old) it has something definite to say, with a nuance of oblique but provocative teasing.

Afterthought

A LOT of superfine writing could be—and in fact just has been—devoted to this enigmatic little Cymric cheese, but we have a growing feeling that only a chosen few of the Wine and Food boys will vibrate to our rhythms. To them, therefore, we dedicate this note, skipping happily and blowing a kiss, automatic but nevertheless straight from the heart, to Faber & Faber, the popular publishers. (Exit, with tripping step.)

Posy

Hello, listeners! Here's the cell
Where the blameless Pixies dwell,
Guessing everything on earth
In a gale of harmless mirth;
Each to be a shade more tricky
Than his clever fellow-Pixy
Strives, and strives, and strives, and strives...
Nobody can take their lives.

(after Coleridge.)



"The epicure will discover . . . it has something definite to say, with a nuance of oblique but provocative teasing."



Lt.-Col. W. O. Stanning, O.B.E., T.D., and Mrs. Stanning proudly congratulate their son, Flight Cadet S.U.O. P. H. Stanning, who won the Sword of Honour and the Queen's Medal

THE PASSING-OUT PARADE for the No. 62 entry to the R.A.F. College at Cranwell was reviewed by General A. M. Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe. Guests were shown round the College and in the evening a ball was held



Senior Flight Cadet I. D. Brimson, who had just graduated, chatted to his guest, Miss D. Morgan, before the ball



Under Officer Cadet D. R. B. Johnson asked his partner, Miss Pamela Waggot, for the honour of the first dance



Van Hallan

A family group touring the flying wing were Miss Rosemary White, Miss Caroline White, Flight Cadet Michael White, Mrs. and Major H. E. White. They had just looked over an Anson Mark 19

THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



"Always have one picture crooked or you can't tell whether the others are straight."

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

A FRENCH husband told a Chinese friend: "My marriage is perfect. My wife and I have a perfect understanding. She defers to me on all the important matters. And I defer to her on all the unimportant matters."

"How does it work out?"

★ "Well, in ten years of marriage no important matters have come up." ★

"I," said the Chinese, "have an even better arrangement with my wife. All matters, important or unimportant, are subject to my decision, all except one."

"What is that one?" asked the Frenchman.
"Me."

THERE had been a wave of bar hold-ups in a mid-Western city, and a foresighted bar owner had a foot-pedal alarm installed below his cash register. In the case of a hold-up, all he had to do was to step on it and an alarm would ring at police headquarters.

Some days later, a man entered the bar late at night, drew a gun, and told the proprietor to open the cash register. As he did so, he pressed the alarm and began to take out the cash. Just then the phone rang and the gunman grabbed the instrument.

"This is the police," came an irate voice through the receiver. "Say, do you know you've got your foot on that alarm pedal and the noise over here is driving us crazy?"

★ ★ ★
WHEN the concert ended a man noticed that two fellows seated immediately in front of him were applauding harder than anyone else. He remarked to his neighbour that it was wonderful to find such enthusiasm for good music. Just then one of the men in front stopped applauding.

"Keep clapping, you," the other said out of the side of his face. "One more encore and we're on overtime."

At The Pictures

FOLLOW THE PHARAOHS



Robert Newton beach-combing with Glynis Johns

BEHOLD, in the handsomely produced *Valley of Kings*, Robert Taylor as a tough, moist, rye-drinking American, supervising excavations around the Pyramids. Not, mind you, just for the gold, but for the enrichment of human knowledge. To him comes a famous Egyptologist's daughter, bent on establishing evidence

of the Bible story of Joseph. What more natural than their joining forces, especially as Eleanor Parker is the girl?

But she has a dubious husband, engaged in relic-smuggling. He meets with drastic doom after a cliff fight with Mr. Taylor, who is then able to make a big discovery in a hidden tomb and, having won the widow, to sail happily up the Nile. The grandeur of actual backgrounds is varied by a sandstorm, a sword-fight, the usual tribesmen, lots of camels and barbaric music. "I've never known an archaeologist like you," admits Miss Parker to Mr. Taylor. Neither, for that matter, have I.

"THE BEACHCOMBER," a re-make of Somerset Maugham's "Vessel of Wrath," again indicates the thorny side of the job of a Resident-in-Charge of a tropical island group. Donald Sinden handles things manfully, coping with the Puritanical missionary, his equally narrow sister, and the local remittance-man, not to mention the touchy black population. Robert Newton as the sodden, sullen, unrepresentable waster is the story's outstanding ingredient; a performance as vivid as that of Charles Laughton, who played it previously, you may recall. The cholera epidemic, the witch-doctor's hostility to medical aid, and the timely gratitude of an elephant combine to make good drama, and when the blue-stocking (Glynis Johns) pairs off with the reformed beachcomber, one can only marvel afresh at the chastening effect of sustained perils on the human character. Paul Rogers has due rigidity as the padre, and I thought that excellent actor Michael Hordern, as the tribal chief, had more than a touch of Poona.

ON the wide screen, *River of No Return* is a routine but effective saga of the old, rowdy Canadian North-West, about a farmer, his little son, a saloon singer and her guitar. They set out on a dangerous, almost foolhardy flight to safety on a raft, along miles of churning rapids. Everyone gets very damp; there is gun-play with Indians and Bad Men, and an unbelievable final alliance between Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe, whose leggy, sentimental slut is true to type. To me the film's highlights are the natural acting of young Tommy Rettig and the river's terrifying turbulence.

—Patrick Mannoek

deputising for Dennis W. Clarke.



Cornel Lucas

MISS BELINDA LEE, blonde and green-eyed, is a welcome addition to British films. From the age of twelve she studied at the Tudor Arts Academy and at sixteen won the Rosina Filippi scholarship to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. It was in a Repertory Theatre at Nottingham that producer Val Guest first saw her, and two years later she began work on her first film. Since then she has appeared in a number of pictures, among them being *Murder by Proxy* and *The Belles of St. Trinians*.



Muffled in a blanket and still dripping, John Aird, who had been taking part in some of the races, went off with his parents, Sir John and Lady Priscilla Aird, to have some tea

WATER BABIES AT BOAT CLUB GALA

YOUNG swimmers of promise took part in the annual Children's Gala held by the Guards' Boat Club at Maidenhead. Highlight of the afternoon's entertainment were the nine swimming events, in which sixty children competed. The Gala was organised by Sir John Child, and Lady Priscilla Aird presented the prizes



Lady Child and her daughter, Miss Deidre Child, congratulated Jeremy Child on his victory in the swimming obstacle race



Watching the older children were Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, Mrs. M. Cheyne, Amanda Aird, Petra Aird and Angela Cheyne



Firmly clutching her mother, Mrs. De Lisle's hand, Vanessa De Lisle went for a walk in the grounds after tea



Angela Cheyne and Richard Seymour made a valiant start in the race for under eights, cheered on by Francis Spencer, Mrs. K. Thornton, Sir John Child and Major J. E. Seymour



The Hon. Patrick Anson, who received the prize for the best swimmer of the Gala, sat with Mrs. E. Seymour, Viscount Anson and Mrs. M. Inglis, before competing in the diving

Desmond O'Neill



LADY SWAYTHLING, O.B.E., the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, and her daughter, Lady Bury, attended a garden fête at Murlough House, Co. Down, home of the Marquis and Marchioness of Downshire

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

Tapestries Of Travel In The Mind's Eye

DOES the search for, and finding of, a book's title come first or last in the actual writing of the book? Authors are often asked this—and most often, I think, when the title arrived at has been felicitous. Sir Osbert Sitwell answers this question on the very first page of *THE FOUR CONTINENTS* (Macmillan; 25s.): "Here I am," he says, "before a book is written, searching for a name for it. Yet . . . I may urge in defence that it is difficult for an author to focus precisely the book he plans or to comprehend its full scope until he has found for it a title: the right lens through which to peer at the long prospect of work before him." This point of view and practice seem so sound that you may ask why they require defending; the fact was that Sir Osbert remembered how his father, Sir George, used to complain that his heir always demanded last things first.

However that may have been, we may be sure that here is the right order. Authors who bring to conclusion a lengthy masterpiece (this being often, it seems, a novel), then rifle wildly through a quotation-dictionary, seeking a line or phrase which, while not too inappropriate to their theme, promises to look well on a book-jacket, would do well to ponder Sir Osbert's words.

SIR OSBERT, lying on his bed at Amalfi, received in this case an inspired flash: in his mind's eye he saw four Brussels tapestry panels which, hanging in the drawing-room at home at Renishaw, symbolised and celebrated the Four Continents. These, with their sumptuous and mysterious richness he had known and admired since his earliest days—"the bursts

of light in the watery skies, the lions, the camels, the horses, the trophies, the pearls, the palm-trees outlined against the flashes between the clouds." And here, in more than one sense, was the title he wanted; for "To begin a book is," he says, "in any case, to embark on a long and perilous voyage; to begin, in particular, a volume of travel doubles the sense of starting on a journey." Moreover, he adds, because for nearly two centuries we have lived in a world of five, not four, continents, the ring of it (the title) is also perhaps a little old-fashioned. For in two centuries more, will not travel-books be dealing with interstellar space?

FOR yet another reason, as the reader will see, those "Four Continent" panels have been appropriate; Sir Osbert's writing is like tapestry, having that strange richness which in his childhood attracted him so much. With this goes a sort of brilliant profusion—he has garnered, and coloured into their places, as it were, trophies and pearls. Yet is like tapestry with a wind blowing behind it, or seen by the light of jumping candles—for, behold, everything ripples, changes, has a sinuous and extraordinary vitality. And in two ways, which are both good, this writing is *not* like tapestry—it is neither archaic nor over-stylised: on the contrary, it is quick and clear as water, and modern (if one may say so without impertinence) in that it shows what modern writing can be, and, therefore, should be. He speaks, indeed, of *The Four Continents*, this travel-book of his, as being concerned "in the main, with an attempt at a new

flexibility of writing, a new quickness of mind and rapidity, so that we fly from Asia to Africa and back again in a few moments. . . ."

YOU will guess, in fact, from the first page, that this is not a categorical account of any one journey. Two other titles which Sir Osbert considered and rejected were, *Round the World in Sixty Years* and *Voyage Round the Inside of My Head*, and both, though less good than the final choice, are in a way contributory to the book's meaning. He has by no means travelled the whole world, but there has come to exist within him a whole world—that is, his own experience. By comparison, by association, he flashes with us from one point to another—yes, within one sentence we may have been transported some thousands of miles; and in the same way we dart to and fro in time. We watch a sunrise, we walk the rain-emptied streets of Pompeii, we consider crocodiles, and from the Everglades pass to yet another pleasing aspect of Florida—Sarasota, peopled with statues by the Ringlings of the famous Ringling Circus.

And the arcaded Ringling Museum carries us on to that still more dreamlike, vast, chateau-esque freak, the Bowes Museum at Castle Barnard in the North of England. (Sir Osbert, upon arriving very seaskick at the Isle of Man, was also once taken to see a museum devoted to extinct seagulls.) There's a diversionary short story about the return of Hitler; and in a most delightful chapter we return to Sir George, this time making a bolt for it from a Mrs. FitzDudley Gudgeon. Sir George, in another context, also authorises a wise remark: "There are quite enough horrors to-day without digging up those of the past." The book, like Sir Osbert's others, is full of exquisitely funny situations, as we frequent China, North Africa, Central America and the Panama Isthmus, from time to time coming to rest in New York.

But predominantly this is the book of a poet, a book of wonders. Each of the elements, earth, air, fire and water, has a chapter—and we contemplate towers (from the mediæval to the Manhattan) with their "doomed idealism," great walls with their unavailingness, magicians, flowers and islands. The Sound and Silence chapter, with its passage on bird-song, is perhaps the most beautiful of all.

"More discursions on travel, art and life" is how the author describes this, his latest book. Discursion itself is an art; it requires genius, of the kind Sir Osbert so eminently has that he has left us requiring more, still.

THE COURSE OF LOVE (Constable; 13s. 6d.) is the second novel of Rachel Trickett—her first, *The Return Home*, had a Preface by Lord David Cecil, and was awarded the John Llewellyn Rhys Memorial Prize for 1953. A distinguished start often places onus upon the following book, but I do feel that *The Course of Love* is likely to disappoint any hopes. Miss Trickett has what is rare these days, a capacity for leisure—by which I do not mean that her life (of which I, alas, know nothing) is necessarily a leisured one: I mean, rather, that there is something civilisedly unhurried about her writing.

She has, indeed, followed the course of love, for a term of months, through three people's lives, with much the same patience as that with which one might follow the course of an errant river, occasionally passing through awkward country. Stephen Henderson, a young lecturer at a provincial university, returns to England, after a year in France, accompanied by the young woman Laura, with whom he has been spending much of his time. He is, however, by now rather tired of Laura, and is not entirely pleased that she has arranged to take up work not far away. Laura, an art-expert, has, in fact, accepted an offer to catalogue a collection of pictures in a near-by country house Charborough Hall.



[Continued on page 302]

MARIEL DEANS

"... Lovelier Still"

ALL the dress shows this August struck us as lovelier than ever before and, perhaps neither a heat-wave nor a freeze-out was hitting us, we found ourselves applauding the 250th model with almost the same enthusiasm we had felt for the first. Almost—for two-and-a-half hours is *really* too long for any dress show, especially as harried fashion journalists are expected to attend four of these every day.

Dior's new "H" line, having defied all attempts at written description, must await the photographs (due August 25th) for clarification. All we can say is that it is most definitely *not* a flat-chested look. Bosoms are high, pushed-up and rather small; but flat-chested—*no!* Waists are very much there and where nature put them, but smoothness below the waist and a second line on the hips, together with narrow shoulders and set-in sleeves, produce a long, fine body-line which seems both natural, new and very exciting.

Elsewhere change is less dramatic and clients chez Balmain or Balenciaga will find that clothes bought two years ago are still very much in the picture. Balmain's third "Jolie Madame" collection is again one of the prettiest in Paris, whilst Balenciaga's uncompromisingly severe, exquisitely tailored clothes belong to that category of effortless perfection that is achieved only by the greatest artists.

THIS is a collection for connoisseurs—the frivolous-minded, watching his starkly plain model girls, his long, straight garments so often made of black velvet, his passion for black tulle, often wound about the head, may feel that here is the authentic birthplace of Charles Addams' horrid vampire-woman. We liked Fath's rather Edwardian velvet hats, his sparkling jewelled cufflinks and beautifully draped wool dresses—his battle-blouse dresses and jackets got boring after a time. Givenchy's collection was memorable for the exciting use of clear, bright colours which we saw too little of elsewhere and also for his pretty little hats, or, rather, caps, which were nearly all variations of the basic bathing-cap or snood.

EVERY house showed a great deal of black, but much less grey than last year, whilst navy blue has entirely disappeared from the winter picture. Other blues there were in plenty—grey-blue, sapphire, kingfisher. No green, or very little, some yellows. Fath showed a lovely banana shade, and red, every kind of red everywhere. Indeed, one house showed for two hours an uninspired collection made up entirely in black, neutral colour and red that so flattened our spirits that we came out unable to remember anything and ready to rage at the sign of a lipstick.







Perfect Country Sweater

WITH autumn not so far ahead and our thoughts turning to warm clothes for the country, we have picked this week Braemar's excellent sweater, modelled on the original garments made by this firm for Sir John Hunt's Everest expedition. It is our FASHION CHOICE OF THE WEEK. Made of ribbed Botany wool, with a stand collar and cuffed sleeves, this is the perfect sweater for all sports or just for country life generally. It comes in many good colours and costs 5 gns. Harrods stock it and all the other accessories shown on these two pages

—MARIEL DEANS

The tweed skirt, shown with the sweater on the opposite page, looking so straight and narrow, has a double inverted pleat at the back that can be opened with a zip fastener. This way, country fullness can be achieved, or got rid of, at a touch. It costs £7 9s. 6d.



Country still-life. Thick, lace-stitch nylons that look like wool but wear far longer, 15s. 11d. A pair of crochet gloves, 8s. 6d., and some really sensible brogues, strong, but not too heavy, for 99s. 6d.

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

E. has had a school friend staying with him, and we have been sternly attempting to make holiday life seem gala compared with school, before we go away. The children have received all suggestions of visiting historic piles at half a crown a go with scorn, but agreed that Whipsnade Zoo is different. Accordingly we pack a vast picnic lunch and prepare to move. Of course, the car collapses at the last minute and we are forced to pick up a bus, securing magnificent seats on top right in the front, so that the children can observe and profit by the beauties of the countryside.

E. and friend John immediately produce paper-bound thrillers from their pockets and peruse them with similar short-sighted concentration. L. goes to sleep, and B. gazes out of the window occasionally hazarding a gloomy guess at what would happen (a) if it rained, (b) if too many people sat on one side of the top of the bus and tipped it over, (c) if the branches whipping the windows as we dash through trees whipped a little harder and smashed the glass. My husband and I wake them up at intervals to point out the Roman



road, theatre, hypocaust, etc., on the way, but beyond a casual inquiry from B. as to whether there are lions in the Roman theatre nobody shows much interest.

WHIPSNAD, however, indubitably has lions, and immediately on entry the usual democratic argument takes place as to whether we shall see them first, or the elephants, or the venomous snakes, or eat. Husband eventually assumes dictatorial powers and insists that the park is explored methodically by a circular tour taking in everything in its turn—also that we should sit down for picnic in first dry comfortable spot we can find out of the wind. After a cursory glance at some wolves pacing incessantly in a sinister pine wood, which inspire E. to a long speech on the cruelty of caging wild animals, we pass on to a stretch of thyme-scattered downsland swept by a raging August wind, from which, the boys assure us, it should be possible to watch gliders based on the nearby gliding club.

Food is consumed to such effect that we manage to gloss over the fact that it is too windy for gliders—also over John, who after lunch produces a packet of chewing gum, a material I have forbidden to my young on the grounds that chewing it makes them look unnecessarily half-witted and that it tends to

[Continued on page 296]



She buys her ticket, wearing Matita's red and black patterned tweed suit. The jacket has black velvet revers and buttons rather high. The skirt is narrow with a slit at the back. Harrods have this suit

Journey to Yugoslavia

*M*OST women who do a lot of flying find that even in summer a lightweight wool suit or dress is the best thing to wear, and answers the problems raised by early departures and late arrivals, long hours of sitting still and sudden fluctuations in the climate. These photographs of a traveller to Belgrade, taken at Airwork's Brompton Road Terminal, show three tweed suits and a worsted coat-frock, all a credit to British tailoring, that should go over well in the Balkans. The hats have been kindly lent by Connor

—MARIEL DEANS



Hebe's velvet-bound suit of white, red and green flecked "holly" tweed has six pleats in its skirt and prettily sloping, flapped pockets on the jacket. It is stocked by Dickins & Jones

CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY

be parked on clothes and furniture. John smiles cheerfully and says that he's not allowed to have it at home anyway but he thought it would be all right with us. My husband and I spend some time brooding over whether this means that our children's friends regard us as broadminded and tolerant or shockingly casual.

DISMISSING John's suggestion that chewing gum should be given to the llamas, who look as if they would appreciate it, we proceed on methodical tour after extracting L. from her fascinated inspection of a pony, a rabbit and a hen, which are, the other children agree, unworthy of a half-crown admission fee. We then come to the lions, tigers, leopards, which impress everybody except B., who wants to know where the venomous snakes are. John makes no comment but informs me that he has thought of a solvent in the lab. at school which will get the chewing gum off clothes if I would only let my children eat it. We then arrive at



a café, which the children invade with whoops of joy demanding fizzy pink drinks. . . .

It is hours before we complete the circuit of the park and at last hang ecstatically over the edge of a little sunken rock garden brilliant with flowers and labelled Venomous Snakes. We watch fascinatedly while sinister green or grey shapes slink in and out of clumps of campanula and a hungry water snake tears open-mouthed round the surrounding moat after a few brave-to-rashness fathers playing last across with their fingers over the water.

THIS spot has a macabre charm which has always haunted me—I cannot imagine who can have planned so much loose danger so get-at-able, and suspect faintly that snakes are perhaps not so venomous as all that. But who would put it to the test? I cannot, also, imagine who can possibly do the weeding, etc., in an exquisitely planned rock garden full of serpents, and play happily with the thought of Snake-Pit Gardeners' Special Allowances for Protective Clothing. . . .

But the children are screaming for tea, wallabies and monkeys. The last, caged for the look of things in a vast enclosure reaching almost to the tree tops, are happily climbing up it, leaping from the edge out into the surrounding trees, swinging from branch to branch over our heads, and sometimes descending and staring at the visitors with sad disillusion. When they can bear it no longer, they leap inside the cage again for peace and quiet. They, we find to our relief, have made the day. It is all we can do to drag the children away when the bus leaves. And on the way out John buys at the Zoo kiosk a plastic telescope, and all the children fight joyously over having the first look at the Roman theatre and the hypocaust from the bus home. . . .

—Diana Gillon



... Journey to Yugoslavia

On the opposite page. With Eagle Airways' Captain Henderson, she looks at some dolls in National costume. Her Marcus dress is made of black and deep blue striped worsted. It has a modified sailor collar, a patent leather belt and a box-pleated skirt. Marshall & Snelgrove have it

Below. With the Brompton Oratory reflected in the window behind her, she hails a taxi. Her suit is Hershelle's black and white tweed with a straight, narrow skirt, softly rounded shoulders and high-placed sloping breast pockets. This suit is stocked by Harvey Nichols



Shopping

with Jean Cleland

WHERE did you get that? This is a question that all women like to be asked. It denotes interest and a tinge of envy that is flattering. The shops where these attractive things can be found are an open secret to all who read this page. We hope you will like them as much as we do



Cocktails six to eight. For the last and latest word in elegance, take this enchanting fitted bag in black grosgrain, lined with champagne satin. Price 9 guineas from Debenham & Freebody

IN TOWN TODAY

NEVER a dull moment. Latest excitement, an invitation from Mr. Robert Dyas, managing director of Grossmith, Piccadilly, to a party, to launch "White Fire." Sounds dangerous. Could be. In point of fact, it is a new and intriguing scent, with a smart and sophisticated undertone, and put up in a lovely ruby-red gilt-topped bottle that looks like Venetian glass. To go with it is an entire range of bath luxuries—"bouquet," soap, bath cubes and dusting powder.

The party had other facets, one being the presence of Mr. Norman Hartnell, who was there to give his blessing to new additions to his famous "In Love" perfume, these being a deodorant talc, bath dusting powder, soap and eau-de-toilette. I welcomed the occasion to find out the secret at the back of the Hartnell-Grossmith alliance. Quite simple. The inspiration of "In Love"—a French perfume—is Norman Hartnell's. The designing, packaging and distribution is Grossmith's.

Incidentally, never have I seen flowers, which filled the rooms of the Grossmith Salon, so exquisitely arranged. Who did them? Mr. Dyas, late at night before the party. How is it that when men step on to what we women mistakenly regard as our native heath—flowers, cooking, dress designing—they steal the show, and do it all so extremely well? Exasperating.

★ ★ ★

TALKING of cooking, are you the efficient type, or do you grab hold of hot handles without thinking and burn yourself getting things out of the oven? If the latter—such as I—you will welcome a padded or quilted "Oven Glove" in gay red and white check, bound with blue, and a small "Pot Holder" to match, made to slip on to any odd handle. Both have little loops so that they can be hung up on the wall by the oven, ready for use. Glove 5s. 6d. and pot holder 1s. 11d.: from Woollands.

★ ★ ★

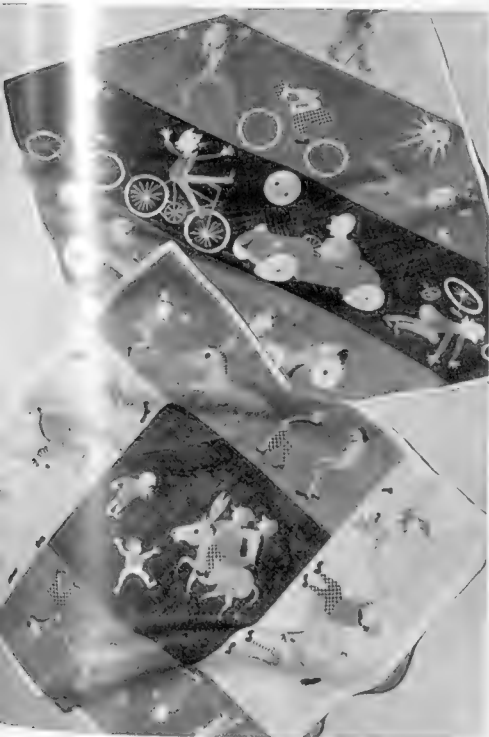
"WHY is it that however hard one tries to keep one's handbag neat and tidy, it gets so overcrowded?" Sensible reply from husband, "because you put too many things in it." Too true. Imagine then with what joy I came across a good way of cutting things down. This is a compact and cigarette case in one. Powder goes one side, and cigarettes the other. It is slim and neat, yet has a sufficiently strong centre panel to keep the powder from scenting the cigarettes. The case is attractive, and can be had for 39s. 6d. from Fenwick's.

★ ★ ★

IN the same shop I saw something else quite fascinating, "The Mirella Parfum Spray." Fitted into a case is a detachable spray with five little glass bottles into which you can put perfume, toilet water, setting lotion, and whatever other scented luxuries you care to use. The spray fits easily into each bottle, and when not in action, takes out and slips neatly into its little compartment. This is ideal for the dressing table or for travel. Price 29s. 6d.



Distinct with the party air is this lovely pearl and bead necklet in midnight blue, with drop ear-rings to match. Necklet 55s., ear-rings 21s. 9d. You can get the set from Debenham & Freebody



Kiddies' delight. These new novelty handkerchiefs from Switzerland, with clever and amusing designs printed in lovely colours, are cheap at 4s. 6d. each. From Woollands



"I sent a letter to my love." Why not be more up-to-date and send the very latest thing, this telegram scarf? You can have it inscribed with your own message, for the inclusive price of 18s. 11d. From Woollands

Dennis Smith



This petit point pin tray clock is a dainty gift for the dressing-table. If you are looking for a wedding present, here it is at the reasonable price of 59s. 6d. From Marshall & Snelgrove

JEAN CLELAND

Talking of —

BEAUTY ON THE UP AND UP

AN old seafaring uncle of mine has a habit of breezing into breakfast with the words, "Well, well, here's another nice day never been touched." Having gone round the world many times under all sorts of conditions, small things do not upset him. He takes life as it comes, and finds it—to use his own words—"fine and dandy." The result is that, at over seventy, he looks, and feels, extraordinarily young, which seems to point to the truth of the saying that "age is an attitude of mind"

THINKING of the many people today who, in middle age and even later, remain young in energy, vitality and—in many cases—in appearance, it would seem that the capacity to "laugh off" the years is on the up and up. A splendid thing which, while it emanates largely from the spirit, is, in the case of women particularly, helped considerably by the many scientific aids which can now be used to advantage.

These aids are invaluable at such times when the health is below par, due perhaps to worry or to illness. For some reason or other one is down in the mouth, and this is not only a figure of speech

but an actual fact, which can be all too readily confirmed by a glance in the mirror.

The first thing that suffers when one is out of condition is often the hair, which loses its sheen, becomes dull and sometimes comes out. If it is naturally dry, the dryness is increased so that one gets a brittleness in which the ends split. If one has been lying in bed, due to illness, then the reverse is often the case and the hair becomes oily and lank. In either case, it is all very depressing, and quite clearly something must be done about it.

A FEW days ago I talked the matter over with Alexis of Antoine, knowing that I would get not only an expert opinion—he is a first-class trichologist—but a sensible and direct one. As

usual he was extremely honest. "The most important factor in hair beauty," he said, "is health." So, if one has been out of sorts, do not worry unduly. As the health improves, so will the hair improve with it. "But," I said, "surely something can be done at the same time to speed up the process." Alexis spread out his hands in an expressive gesture. "Naturally," he said. "If people will only take a little trouble, quite a lot can be done."

The advice he gave me is simple and easy to follow. Night and morning *manipulate* the scalp, which simply means placing the fingers firmly on the head and moving the scalp to and fro. Do *not* rub it as this only tends to cause irritation. Just keep it gently moving. In this way the circulation is stimulated and the blood encouraged to flow more freely. Wash the hair with a medicated shampoo, or if it is dry with split ends with a French oil shampoo. Keep a good look out for any signs of dandruff, which sometimes occurs when the hair is out of condition. If this is present, dab on—again let me remind you *not to rub*—a camphor lotion. For a general re-vitalizer Alexis advises a steam treatment. This, by opening the pores, draws out impurities and can be followed with a nutritive cream to nourish the roots.

So much for the hair. But what of the complexion which seems to have lost its radiance? A great deal can be done in these days by use of scientific creams containing vitamins and hormones. Applied regularly for a time, and massaged well in, they give new life to the skin when it is looking dreary and in need of a lift. For something, however, which goes further and acts as a re-vitalizer both to the looks and the general health, I strongly recommend a treatment called the "Vitacel Youth Masque," given by means of a machine brought over from America, which, as far as I know, is the only one in this country. Hearing rumours of the excellent effects achieved by this treatment, I went along to Knightsbridge to see it for myself in the beauty salon of Mrs. Gertrude Hartley.

The treatment is a form of electro-therapy, and from what I hear—from those who have experienced it and from the opinion I formed myself after going thoroughly into the matter, I feel very convinced that it is extremely beneficial both mentally and physically. In conjunction with the machine, preparations are used containing biological extracts which improve not only the condition but the colour of the skin. In the course of the treatment, deep massage is given at the back of the neck and on the spine and the whole thing seems to me to be the perfect answer for those who are in need of a genuine toning up from head to foot.



ENGAGEMENTS



Lenarc

Miss Elizabeth Ann Terry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Terry, of Woking, Surrey, is engaged to Mr. Robert Temple Thornhagh Gurdon, The Black Watch, son of Maj.-Gen. E. T. L. Gurdon, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Gurdon, of Woodbridge, Suffolk



Miss Ann Blake, daughter of G/Capt. E. A. Blake, O.B.E., M.A., R.A.F. (ret.) and Mrs. Blake of "Vadgers," Cowfold, Sussex, has announced her engagement to Mr. Patrick Alwen Wootton, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Wootton, of "Old Place," Lindfield, Sussex



Paul Tanqueray

Miss Marigold Cory-Wright, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Cory-Wright, of Mackerye End, Hertfordshire, is to marry Mr. David R. M. Curling, only son of the late Lt.-Col. R. R. Curling, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Curling, of The Old Rectory, Bursledon, Hampshire



CREASY-PEARSON-ROGERS

In the Henry VII Chapel, Westminster Abbey, Lt. Robert Creasy, R.N., son of Admiral Sir G. Creasy, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, and Lady Creasy, of Wiston Hall, Nayland, Suffolk, married Miss Clare Pearson-Rogers, twin daughter of G/Capt. and Mrs. H. W. Pearson-Rogers, of Tostock, nr. Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



GEIDT-MACKENZIE

At Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, Mr. Mervyn B. Geidt, son of Capt. and Mrs. E. Geidt, of Starcross, Devon, married Miss Diana C. Mackenzie, daughter of Provost A. Mackenzie, O.B.E., D.S.C., D.L., J.P., and Mrs. Mackenzie, J.P., of Stornoway, Isle of Lewis



VILLAR-MACKINTOSH

Lt. James Henry Villar, R.A., son of the late Mr. H. Villar, and of Mrs. Villar, of Russell Square, W.C.1, married Miss Bindy Mackintosh, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. R. A. Mackintosh, O.B.E., and of Mrs. Mackintosh, of Tripoli, at the Church of San Francisco D'Assisi, Tripoli



POWER-SMITH-ELLIS

Mr. Niall Power-Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Smith, of Sherlockstown House, Sallins, Co. Kildare, was married to Miss Sonia Ellis, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ellis, of Straffan House, Co. Kildare, at St. Patrick's Parish Church, Co. Kildare

Book Reviews [Continuing from page 290]

GOOD HOLIDAY READING

Unfortunately, it is with the daughter of this same house that Stephen now falls in love: Delia Gorrington, daughter of a wealthy business man, is a beautiful but narcissistic, neurotic girl. Standing by as onlookers are Stephen's sister Elizabeth, her husband Mark (who is a professor at the University) and the Gorrington parents. About the situation in itself there is, as you will gather, nothing at all extraordinary—such things happen. The extraordinary magnetism, as a novel, of *The Course Of Love*, consists I think in the reality of the characters, whom one seems to know better than one knows oneself, and the quiet, minute suspense of each of the scenes—each of which, again, seems clearer than many out of one's own memory.

THIS, of course, cuts both ways—for instance, one finds oneself "taking against" one or two of the people, much as one might in real life. I could not stand Elizabeth; and Stephen himself, with his somewhat over-fine feelings and nervous egotism, from time to time rather wore me down. And I thought Laura behaved far too well. But this *parti pris* attitude one takes up is a tribute to Miss Trickett's story-telling—she declares neither for nor against: one is left to judge. She is also well up to the Victorians in her evocations of social life, albeit of a subdued kind, and of domestic interiors; and her descriptions of countrysides, sea coasts and seasons of the year are lovely. Only one point does she, to my mind, fail to make sufficiently clear—what exactly *had* been the relationship, while in France, between Stephen and Laura? Other readers, however, may pick up clues I missed.

★ ★ ★

ANDREW GARVE'S *The Riddle Of Samson* (Crime Club, Collins, 9s. 6d.) is a rattling good holiday story. Enviously camping, all alone, on Samson, an uninhabited island of the Scillies, our hero John Lavery asks no more than to be left in peace to dig for pre-Christian remains. However, he is thrown into proximity with an attractive lady, Olivia, who having landed on Samson with a party, somehow or other gets left behind. And unfortunately she has a jealous husband. When Olivia's husband comes to a sticky end, things look badly for Lavery—can one wonder? The principal charm of this book is that its author must both love and know the Scilly Islands—you have the pleasure of being there as you read. If you don't like crime, I may tell you there isn't much—*The Riddle Of Samson* is, really, more of a thriller.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE name Mae West still means something to almost everyone, even if the classic remark that brought her international fame, "Goodness had nothin' to do with it, dearie!" may now be forgotten. She was a personality with a distinctiveness that was positively different, and it is all too apparent now that she has a successor in the shape of a young, glamorous, brilliant artist who is comparatively new to gramophone records. She is Marilyn Monroe, who has much more talent to offer than curves!

Miss Monroe sings two songs from the film *River Of No Return*, with the support of pianist Hal Schaefer, and an orchestra and chorus directed by Lionel Newman, the composer of the score of the film. She offers "River Of No Return," which is a wee bit breathtaking, and "I'm Gonna File My Claim," which she delivers with such intelligent punch that not only must she get her claim, but that punch must put Marilyn Monroe instantly into champion gramophone record class. (H.M.V. B.10723.)

Robert Tredinnick



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM WOOLMAN enjoying the comforts of the bar aboard the *Aquila City of Funchal*. The steward Bernard O'Neil spent five years in the R.A.F. as navigator. Picture taken two hundred miles out over the Atlantic

Flying INFLUENTIAL AIRCRAFT

• Oliver Stewart •

UNTIL the dress rehearsal of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Display has been held, it is impossible to say which aircraft will gain the most attention, which will provide the big moments of the show. But whatever the pattern turns out to be this year, I would like to direct attention in particular to two aircraft because it is my view that together they will exert a large influence upon the future of British aviation. One of them is a big aeroplane, the Bristol Britannia, the other is a small aeroplane, the Folland Gnat.

I have recently had an opportunity of re-examining these two machines and I would like to try and set down some of the basic thinking that has gone to their creation. Let me take the small aeroplane first, the Folland Gnat. No Gnat will fly at Farnborough, but it is hoped that the Midge will be there and the Midge is, in effect, a Gnat with a lower powered jet engine.

★ ★ ★

IF I talk mainly of the Gnat it is because this will be the production type. It is one of the smallest aeroplanes ever built; for its power it is the smallest ever built. The pilot's cockpit is car height. The aeroplane looks like a jewel as it stands in the hangar, a tiny, exquisitely wrought thing. But its small size and delicate finish are part of an idea, an idea which has tactical, aeronautical, logistical and strategical implications of the greatest interest and importance.

W. E. W. Petter, to put the matter shortly, believes that by devoting a special effort to the design, a lightweight fighter can be made which will perform at least as well, if not better, than a heavy-weight fighter of the conventional form and that the saving in man-hours of production and maintenance will bring the lightweight fighter into N.A.T.O.'s air forces.

I have talked to Petter about this idea on

many occasions during the three years he has been working on the Gnat and he has convinced me that he is right. The Air Staff is not yet convinced; but I think it will be if the Gnat's performance comes up to expectation. For remember that, with the new Bristol Orpheus engine in developed form, the Gnat can be a truly supersonic fighter (it will be able to fly faster than sound, straight and level) and that its rate of climb will be better than that of any other machine.

★ ★ ★

MY view is that, whether the Midge flies at Farnborough or not, it should be regarded as one of 1954's important aircraft. And now for my other choice, the Britannia.

In appearance the Britannia—which will probably only be demonstrated at Farnborough on the civil aircraft day—looks conventional. It is a straightforward aeroplane with a nice clean line, moderate taper and normal fuselage shape. But that very straightforwardness is in fact the outcome of one of the most thorough investigations into airline operation ever done.

Dr. A. E. Russell, who is responsible for the Britannia's design, examined no fewer than twenty-seven different designs with the object of finding which one fitted best into the actual pattern of modern airline work before he selected the formula seen in the Britannia. He believes that the pattern of airline operation imposes a certain design if passengers are to be carried with adequate regularity and comfort at reasonably low fares.

The Britannia is a design that fits into the airline pattern whether for medium or for long ranges. And its engines fit into that pattern equally well. They are the Bristol Proteus turbo-prop units, which means that the aircrews are driven by a turbine which is not mechanically connected to the compressor turbine.

★ ★ ★

MANY other aeroplanes at Farnborough are likely to draw attention. If the English Electric P1 is demonstrated there it will certainly prove an attraction to the technically minded but it will be under speed restrictions so that no demonstrations of its performance capabilities can be expected.

There has been some argument about whether such aircraft should be shown at all. Some say that the time lag between prototype and production is so great that it would be better if we kept quiet about our new machines until they were ready to go into service. With this view I disagree.

If we are becoming more conscious of the need to shorten the time lag between prototype and production, it is partly as a consequence of giving publicity to the prototypes at an early stage. Hushing them up will have no effect in reducing the time lag. It will produce an opposite result. So let us continue to see the prototypes at the earliest possible stage and let us seek the means of compressing the development period.

Then we shall have at Farnborough Wing Commander Falk with his Avro Vulcan four-jet delta bomber and we shall have a new trainer version of the Fairey Gannet anti-submarine aircraft and the new Hunting Percival Jet Provost. There are other interesting possibilities; but I must end as I began by saying that until dress rehearsal day, nobody really knows what will be shown.



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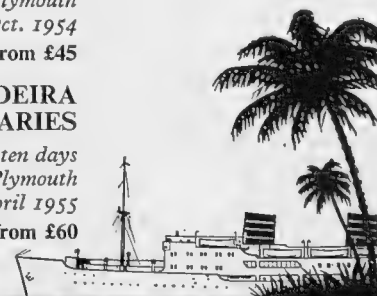
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PERCHED HIGH UPON "THE HILL," the school's main buildings occupy a commanding position. Here, at the entrance to the "Bill Yard," the scholars walk to and fro between classes

D. R. Stuart

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By S. A. PATMAN

Harrow - Classroom To Prime Ministers

MANY schools were founded during the long and prosperous reign of Queen Elizabeth I. In 1572, a Royal Charter was granted to John Lyon, a farmer of nearby Preston, for the foundation of a free grammar school at Harrow. There had almost certainly been a school on the Hill from much earlier times but it is John Lyon who is annually commemorated as the Founder of the school.

He directed in his will that his lands at Marylebone and Kilburn and in the neighbourhood of Harrow should be used for the upkeep of the school and the maintenance of a road from Harrow Hill to London. Even to this day the Governors are responsible for the upkeep of the Edgware and Harrow roads, thus "Oxford Street is paved with Harrow gold."

Harrow School has been built up through

the gifts of many benefactors from the time of John Lyon to the present day. Consequently the school is scattered all over Harrow Hill, a secluded island-domain on the fringe of greater London.

THOUGH founded primarily to provide free education for local boys, the statutes allowed the schoolmaster to receive foreigners or boarders. Masters found it to their advantage to take in fee-paying pupils, and it soon lost its character as a free school. By 1816, when the numbers reached 300, there were only three local scholars.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, to meet the wishes of local residents who wanted a less classical type of education for their sons, Dr. Vaughan founded the "English Form," a day school where for a nominal fee sons of the townfolk could be educated. Eventually it became the Lower School of John Lyon,

with its own separate buildings and management. Today the two schools flourish side by side.

LIKE all schools, Harrow has passed through many vicissitudes in its long history, but the nineteenth century witnessed the prosperity of the school consolidated under Dr. Vaughan, and his successor the Rev. Montagu Butler.

The oldest and most interesting building contains the "Fourth Form Room," famous not only because it housed the first boys that went to Harrow but also for the many illustrious names carved upon its panels. Such noteworthy names as Spencer Perceval, Goderich, Peel, Aberdeen and Palmerston, who all became Prime Ministers, R. B. Sheridan, Byron and Cardinal Manning; Earl Baldwin made the sixth Harrovian to become the Head of the Government, and today the school is justly proud of our greatest statesman, Sir Winston Churchill, the school's seventh Prime Minister.

The Harrow songs, which illustrate every phase of the school work and every period of its history, and House Singing are features of the life of Harrow.

CRICKET has always been the most important of all games and to play against Eton at Lord's is the ambition of every Harrovian. It was in 1805 that the first Eton and Harrow match of which the score has been preserved was played on the old Lord's ground, situated where Dorset Square now is. In the long series of matches between the great rival schools, Eton lead with 45 wins to the 38 recorded by Harrow, with 36 drawn games. Selection from the many distinguished Harrow cricketers is a difficult task, but one must include A. N. Hornby, A. C. MacLaren and Sir Stanley Jackson of an earlier generation, in later years M. C. Bird, M. Falcon, H. J. Enthoven and A. M. Crawley and more recently R. G. Marlar.

The origin of squash rackets is uncertain but it is generally accepted that the game originated at Harrow about 1850. Harrow has naturally played an important part in the expansion of the game to its present world-wide popularity. The amateur championship instituted in 1922 was won by Harrovians for the first three years, T. O. Jameson, twice, and W. D. Macpherson. In the Public Schools Rackets Cup, started 1868, Harrow with 25 wins are well ahead of their nearest rivals.

Winchester College will appear in September issue.



The cricket masters, Mr. Jack Webster and Mr. Mark Tindall, both Cambridge Blues, watch with Mr. Rex Neame (centre), this year's captain

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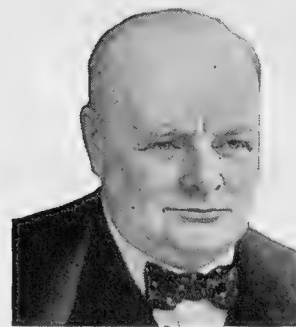
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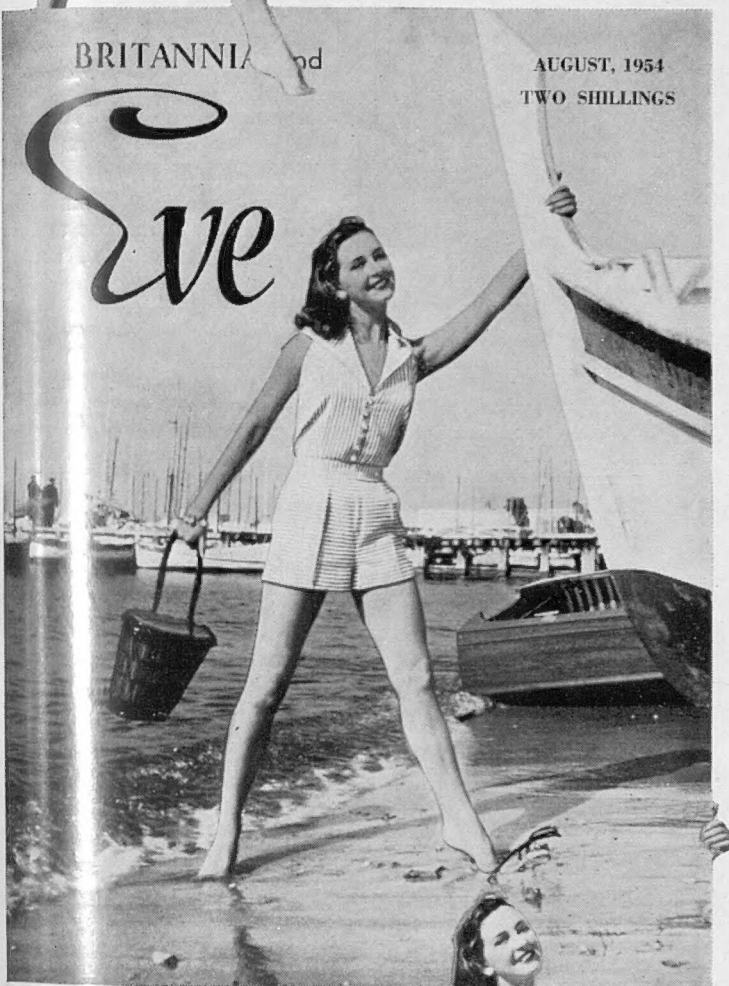
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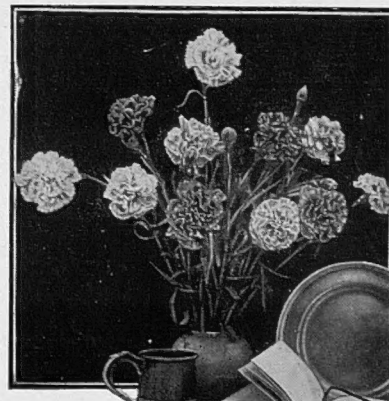
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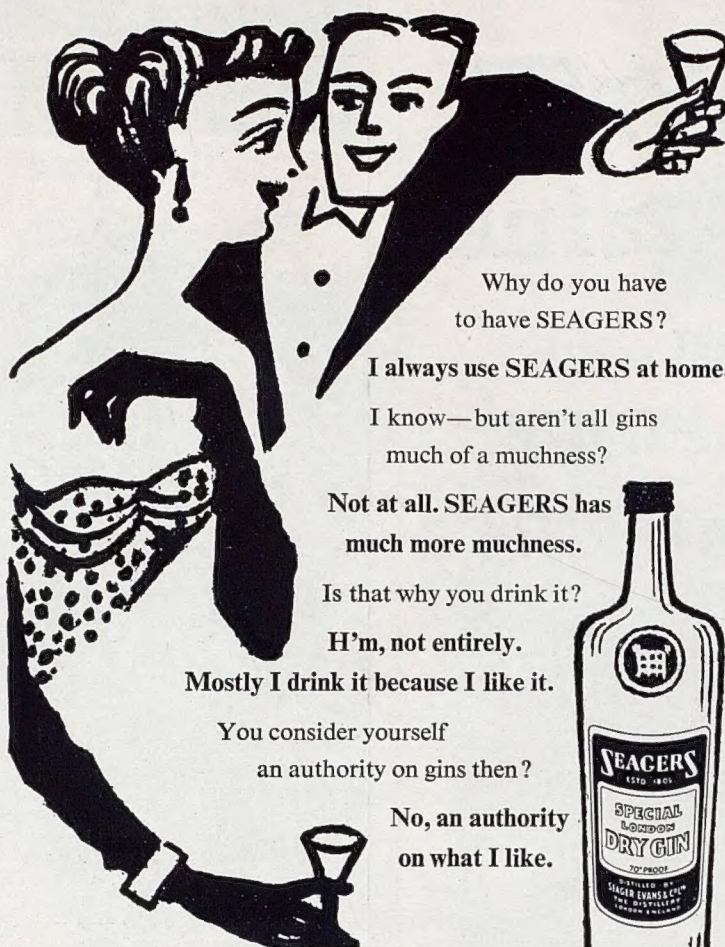
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